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THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS



THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD  
EARL OF SURREY







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THE  
POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD  
EARL OF SURREY



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE present work, although substantially a reprint of the Aldine edition of "The Poetical Works of the Earl of Surrey," published in 1831, has been critically and carefully revised, and some additional notes appended explanatory of words now become obsolete. The Poems have been collated with the edition of the "Songs and Sonnets," edited by Bishop Percy and George Steevens, as well as by the recent reprint of the first edition of "Tottel's Miscellany," by John Payne Collier, Esq., whose ready kindness is acknowledged for the loan of the sheets of that rare work. The text of the two books of "Virgil's *Æneid*," has also been revised by the accurate edition of William Bolland, Esq. published by the Roxburghe Club.

In the Memoir of the Earl of Surrey, some of the statements of his heroic career have been corrected, and other particulars relating to him supplied, which had escaped the researches of Dr. Nott and his later biographers.





## CONTENTS.

### SONGS AND SONNETS.

Page

<b>D</b> ESCRIPTION of the restless State of a Lover, with Suit to his Lady, to rue on his dying Heart . . . . .	1
Description of Spring, wherein each thing renews, save only the Lover . . . . .	3
Description of the restless State of a Lover . . . . .	4
Description of the fickle Affections, Pangs, and Sights of Love . . . . .	6
Complaint of a Lover that defied Love, and was by Love after the more tormented . . . . .	9
Complaint of a Lover rebuked . . . . .	12
Complaint of the Lover disdained . . . . .	12
Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine . . . . .	13
The Frailty and Hurtfulness of Beauty . . . . .	14
A Complaint by Night of the Lover not beloved . . . . .	15
How each thing, save the Lover in Spring, reviveth to Pleasure . . . . .	15
A Vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded . . . . .	16
Complaint that his Lady, after she knew his Love, kept her face always hidden from him . . . . .	17
Request to his Love to join Bounty with Beauty . . . . .	18
Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed . . . . .	19

	Page
The Lover comforteth himself with the Worthiness of his Love . . . . .	21
Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being upon the Sea . . . . .	22
Complaint of a dying Lover refused upon his Lady's unjust mistaking of his Writing . . . . .	24
Complaint of the Absence of her Lover, being upon the Sea . . . . .	28
A Praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare their Ladies with his . . . . .	31
To his Mistress . . . . .	32
To the Lady that scorned her Lover . . . . .	33
A Warning to the Lover, how he is abused by his Love . . . . .	34
The forsaken Lover describeth and forsaketh Love . . . . .	36
'The Lover describeth his restless State . . . . .	37
'The Lover excuseth himself of suspected Change . . . . .	39
A careless Man scorning and describing the subtle Usage of Women toward their Lovers . . . . .	41
An Answer in the behalf of a Woman, Of an uncer- tain Author . . . . .	43
The constant Lover lamenteth . . . . .	45
A Song written by the Earl of Surrey of a Lady that refused to dance with him . . . . .	47
The faithful Lover declareth his Pains and his uncer- tain Joys, and with only Hope recomforteth some- what his woeful Heart . . . . .	53
The Means to attain happy Life . . . . .	56
Praise of mean and constant Estate . . . . .	57
Praise of certain Psalms of David. Translated by Sir Thomas [Wyatt] the elder . . . . .	58
Of the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt . . . . .	59
Of the Same . . . . .	60
Of the Same . . . . .	61
An Epitaph on Clere, Surrey's faithful Friend and Follower . . . . .	62
On Sardanapalus's dishonourable Life and miserable Death . . . . .	63

# CONTENTS.

ix

Page

How no Age is content with his own Estate, and how the Age of Children is the happiest if they had Skill to understand it . . . . .	64
Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me . . . . .	66
Exhortation to learn by others' Trouble . . . . .	67
The Fancy of a wearied Lover . . . . .	67
A Satire against the Citizens of London . . . . .	68
The Lover describeth his whole state unto his Love, and promising her his faithful good will, assureth himself of hers again . . . . .	71

## ECCLESIASTES.

Chapter I. . . . .	80
II. . . . .	83
III. . . . .	87
IV. . . . .	91
V. . . . .	94

## A PARAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Prologue . . . . .	98
Psalm LXXXVIII. . . . .	98
Prologue . . . . .	101
Psalm LXXIII. . . . .	102
LV. . . . .	106
VIII. . . . .	108
The Second Book of Virgil's Æneid . . . . .	112
The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneid . . . . .	147
"My fearful hope from me is fled" . . . . .	177
"Your fearful hope cannot prevail" . . . . .	179







## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

- A**LAS! so all things now do hold their peace, 15  
Although I had a check, 33.  
As oft as I behold, and see, 37.  
Brittle beauty, that Nature made so frail, 14.  
But now the wounded Queen, with heavy care, 147.  
Divers thy death do diversely bemoan, 59.  
Each beast can choose his fere according to his mind, 47.  
From Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race, 13.  
From pensive fancies then I gan my heart revoke, 83.  
Girt in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sow, 43.  
Give ear to my suit, Lord! fromward hide not thy face, 106.  
Give place, ye lovers, here before, 31.  
Good ladies! ye that have your pleasures in exile, 28.  
If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain, 53.  
If he that erst the form so lively drew, 32.  
I never saw my Lady lay apart, 17.  
In Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt, 12.  
In the rude age, when knowledge was not rife, 61.  
In winter's just return, when Boreas gan his reign, 24.  
I, Solomon, David's son, King of Jerusalem, 80.  
Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were, 64.  
Like to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind, 87.  
London! hast thou accused me, 68.  
Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought, 12.  
Martial, the things that do attain, 56.  
My Ratelif, when thy rechless youth offends, 67.

- My fearful hope from me is fled, 177.  
Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead, 62.  
Of thy life, Thomas, this compass well mark, 57.  
O happy dames that may embrace, 22.  
O loathsome place ! where I, 36.  
O Lord ! upon whose will dependeth my welfare, 98.  
Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green, 16.  
Since fortune's wrath envieth the wealth, 45.  
So cruel prison how could betide, alas, 19.  
Such wayward ways hath Love, that most part in discord, 6.  
The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green, 1.  
Th' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire, 63.  
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings, 3.  
The golden gift that Nature did thee give, 18.  
The great Macedon, that out of Persia chased, 58.  
The storms are past ; the clouds are overblown, 66.  
The fancy which that I have served long, 67.  
The Sun, when he hath spread his rays, 71.  
The sudden storms that heave me to and fro, 101.  
They whisted all, with fixed face attent, 112.  
Though I regarded not, 39.  
Though, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be, 102.  
Thy name, O Lord, how great, is found before our sight, 108.  
Too dearly had I bought my green and youthful years, 34.  
When youth had led me half the race, 4.  
When Summer took in hand the Winter to assail, 9.  
When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm, 15.  
When raging love with extreme pain, 21.  
When I bethought me well, under the restless Sun, 91.  
When that repentant tears hath cleansed clear from ill, 94.  
Where reckless youth in an unquiet breast, 98.  
Wrapt in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro, 41.  
Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest, 60.  
Your fearful hope cannot prevail, 179.



MEMOIR OF HENRY HOWARD,  
EARL OF SURREY.

“I write of him whose fame for aye endures.”

*Turbervile's Epitaph on Surrey.*



DISTINGUISHED alike by his talents and rank, HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY has attracted considerable attention; and as the first writer who attempted to refine our language, and to rescue English poetry from the grossness for which the productions of his predecessors are remarkable, he is worthy of the extraordinary research which his latest biographer has displayed in collecting particulars respecting his history. Dr. Nott affords a very creditable example of industry, and it is no slight praise to say that he appears to have exhausted every available source of information. The following Memoir has, therefore, been drawn up almost entirely from materials collected by Dr. Nott; an admission which it would be disingenuous to withhold: but considerable difference

will be found with respect to the inferences which that writer has drawn from some of the facts he has brought to light; and it is from this circumstance that these sheets derive their claim to attention. The most interesting of the letters which occur in the appendix to Dr. Nott's edition are here introduced into the Memoir, and though the present narrative is destitute of those pleasing speculations which distinguish that biographer's Life of Surrey, the loss may, perhaps, be borne with, when it is remembered that it is as dangerous for a biographer as for an historian to indulge his *imaginative* powers.

Although the Earl of Surrey owes but little of the respect which is felt for his memory to the adventitious splendour of his birth, it is necessary to speak of his genealogy with some minuteness, because it was from circumstances arising out of his pedigree that he became one of the victims of Henry the Eighth.

Doubts have been expressed as to the remote antiquity of the family of Howard; but it is beyond dispute that they descend from Sir William Howard, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reigns of Edward the First and Second, whose son, Sir John, was a Knight Banneret as early as 1307. His great great grandson, Sir Robert Howard, married Margaret Mowbray, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, whose mother was Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John, Lord Segrave, the granddaughter and heiress of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of King Edward

the First. Sir John Howard, K.G., the eldest son of Sir Robert by the Lady Margaret Mowbray, was created a Baron in 1470; and on the extinction of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, about the year 1480, he became, in right of his mother, the eldest coheir of that house, which entitled him to quarter whatever arms were borne by them, a fact, as will afterwards appear, of some importance. Sir John Howard was raised to the dukedom of Norfolk by Richard the Third, who at the same time created his eldest son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey. These titles were forfeited after the battle of Bosworth, in which the "Jocky of Norfolk" gallantly fell in the cause of his sovereign and benefactor.

Thomas Howard, his son, was restored to the earldom of Surrey in 1489; and in reward of his services at Flodden Field he was created Duke of Norfolk, in February, 1514. Dying in 1524, he was succeeded by his son Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, who was twice married—first to Anne, daughter of King Edward the Fourth, by whom he had no issue that survived their childhood, and secondly to Elizabeth Stafford, eldest daughter of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he was father of the Poet. His second marriage, which proved an unhappy one, took place soon after Easter in 1512; the Duchess was twenty years younger than her husband, and was then the object of an attachment, which was reciprocal, to the Earl of Westmorland.

The exact date of the birth of the Earl of Surrey has not been ascertained, but it may be

assigned to some time between 1516 and 1518; nor has it been determined where it occurred, though many circumstances render it probable that it took place either at Framlingham or Tendring Hall, in Suffolk.<sup>1</sup>

It seems probable that Surrey was educated, if not wholly, at least in part, by an eminent scholar of the name of John Clerke, who having passed some time on the Continent, where he acquired a perfect acquaintance with the French and the Italian languages, was afterwards received into the Duke of Norfolk's family, and lived with him in the house as his secretary, until the time of the Duke's attainder and imprisonment. Clerke's work, "*De Mortuorum Resurrectione, et Extremo Judicio*," 4to, 1545, is dedicated to Surrey,<sup>2</sup> and his "*Treatise of Nobility*," 12mo, 1543, to his father, the Duke of Norfolk. In the latter work Clerke mentions with the highest commendations many translations done by Surrey, from the Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages. But these, it is probable, were nothing more than juvenile

<sup>1</sup> In an account of the fare of Henry Howard in the nursery at Tendring Hall, there appears to be for his breakfast throughout the year, "a racke or chyne of mutton, and a checkyn," except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it is "a dyssehe of butter-mylke and six eggs." (*Catering Book of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, third Duke of Norfolk, for 1523*, a MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps.) This book proves that Surrey was in his youth always at home with the other children.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of this work in the British Museum has the following manuscript note:—"The author of this tract was preceptor to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to whom it is dedicated."



exercises. It appears that Clerke practised necromancy, which may account for Surrey's faith in judicial astrology.

Bred up in the country, Surrey acquired an early fondness for active pursuits. As he advanced in years the taste continued, but its direction was changed. He excelled in the joust and the tournament, and the dangers of an assault suited his ardent temperament. On the accession of his father to the Dukedom in 1524, he went to reside at Kenninghall, and in 1526 was appointed cupbearer to Henry the Eighth. By an extract from the register of Butley Priory, in Suffolk, it appears that on the 23rd of July, 1529, the Duke of Norfolk paid a visit to Thomas Manning (alias Sudbury) the prior of that house, accompanied by the Earl of Surrey, who is described as having then his own proper attendants. The occasion of the visit was the sale of Staverton Park, which the prior then bought of the Duke.

From a letter copied from the original among the papers of the Abbey of Bury, it would appear that the Earl, during his residence at Kenninghall, was in great pecuniary distress. It is written with more than common urgency to John Reeve, alias Melford, the head of a wealthy monastery, soon itself to be broken in pieces, and its treasures scattered to the winds.

“ MY LORD,

“ Notwithstanding that aforetime I have borrowed of you to the sum of xxx<sup>li</sup> pound sterling,

having not yet repaid it, yet by very need and extreme necessity, I am again constrained, my known good Lord, at this present, affectuously to desire you to shew yourself so much my cordial friend, as to lend some over and above xx<sup>li</sup> pound, in such haste as I may have it here to-morrow by viii of the clock, for such is my present need and thought [sadness]. My Lord, for your such kindness to be shown towards [me], it lieth not in my power to offer the like recompense. Yet, my Lord, ye shall so bind me to be your inward and affectuall friend whiles I live, and your money, first and last, to be honestly repaid to you again with hearty thanks, which if I were so ingrate (which God defend!) to deny ye, might and may it well believe, my Lord, my father will not so see your hearty kindness uncontented. And thus, my very good Lord, with hearty request of this my desire I leave you to God. Displease you not so, though my Lord being out of the country in this my necessity, I rather attempt to assay [prove] you his ancient friend than other farther off. From Kenninghall, this St. Peter's, yours assuredly during his life.

“H. SURREY.

“To his very good Lord and Friend, my Lord Abbot of Birry give these.”

Endorsed: “My Lord of Surre xx<sup>li</sup>, and besides that xxx<sup>li</sup>.”<sup>1</sup>

On the 13th of February, 1532, Surrey, now

<sup>1</sup> Addit. MS. Brit. Museum, No. 24,493, fol. 234.

in his sixteenth year, was contracted in marriage to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, the fifteenth Earl of Oxford. They were married at Pentecost of the same year, but probably did not live together till about the spring of 1535.

In the month of October, 1532, when Henry VIII. went to France, in order to hold an interview with Francis I, he was attended by many of his peers, and among them the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Surrey. "The xj. day of October Henry the Eighth, Kynge of England, landed at Caleis, with the Duke of Richmond, his bastard sonne, the Duke of Norfolke, lorde tresorer of England, the Erle of Surrey," etc.<sup>1</sup> After the royal conference the Duke of Richmond, accompanied by Surrey, proceeded to Paris, to prosecute their studies, where they remained for nearly twelve months. "In 1533, the xxv. of September, the Duke of Richmond, bastard sonne of King Henry the Eighth, and the Erle of Surrey, came to Caleys owt of Fraunce, where they had been almoste xij monthes."<sup>2</sup> During their residence at the French court, it appears they returned to England for a few weeks, for it is stated that the Earl of Surrey carried the fourth sword at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn in June, 1533. On May 17, 1534, the Duke of Richmond is recorded to have been the sovereign's lieutenant at the feast of the Order of the Garter kept at Windsor.

<sup>1</sup> *The Chronicle of Calais*, p. 41, 1846, printed for the Camden Society.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 164.

After the coronation the young Queen used her influence in promoting the marriage of the Duke of Richmond with Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's only sister; and the King, with whom the Howards were then in high favour, cordially assented to the match. As the parties were related within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, a dispensation was indispensable. The young Duke was placed at Windsor, whilst his bride continued to live with her father. It was at this time that Surrey again became the companion of "a king's son," as he describes himself in that beautiful poem which he wrote some years after, during a temporary confinement in Windsor Castle. Speaking of this period of his life, he says:—

"Proud Windsor, where I, in lust and joy,  
With a King's son, my childish years did pass,  
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.  
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour,  
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,  
With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,  
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.  
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.  
The dances short, long tales of great delight;  
With words and looks that tigers could but rue;  
Where each of us did plead the other's right."<sup>1</sup>

On the 10th of March, 1536, Surrey's eldest son Thomas was born, and his nativity, calculated by the Earl's direction, still exists; and, which is somewhat singular, foretold some undefined misfortune to the father. On the 18th of October following, he received the honour of

<sup>1</sup> See p. 19.

knighthood, and soon afterwards took a conspicuous part in public affairs. At the trial of his kinswoman, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, he was present as the representative of the Earl Marshal, his father having presided by virtue of his office of Lord Treasurer. Within a few months of her execution the tyrannical disposition of Henry the Eighth was manifested towards Surrey's uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, who was committed to the Tower for having married the Lady Margaret Douglas without the King's permission. After being confined for two years he died of a broken heart, an event which made a deep impression upon the poet, who adverts to it in one of his poems.<sup>1</sup>

But he experienced a heavier calamity on the 22nd of July of the same year by the death of his friend and brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, of whom he speaks with the greatest affection in a poem written some time after his decease.<sup>2</sup>

It is here necessary to advert to Surrey's supposititious passion for the fair Geraldine, his affection for whom takes rank in the chronicles of love with those of Abelard and Heloise, of Petrarch and Laura, of Tasso and Leonora. This circumstance has imparted a romantic interest to his life; but his love for Geraldine can only be regarded as a poetical exaggeration—an affection of the imagination—the day-dream of an ardent fancy.

Many of his biographers have considered that

<sup>1</sup> See p. 50.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 20.

the lady thus designated was the object of a real attachment, and so strongly was Dr. Nott impressed with this opinion, that he has ventured to place an address to Geraldine as the title of nearly all the Earl's sonnets, not only without any authority, but in contradiction to the first and every other edition of his works. This gratuitous assumption has led that writer into serious errors, and has deemed many lines in various poems to be illustrative of the history of Surrey's passion for Geraldine, which evidently refer to a different person.

One poem, and one poem only, can, upon anything like evidence, be supposed to have been addressed to the lady mentioned by the name of Geraldine:—

“From Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race.”<sup>1</sup>

It was not till the year 1750 that any attempt was made to identify this celebrated woman; that is, to name a lady of the family of Fitzgerald in whom met all the circumstances which surrounded the Earl of Surrey's Geraldine. In that year poor Collins published “A Supplement to the Four Volumes of the Peerage of England,” containing an account of the Fitzgerald family. There, in speaking of the issue of Gerald, the ninth Earl of Kildare, he states that he married first a daughter of Lord Zouch of Codnor, by whom he had a numerous issue, which lady died on October 6, 1517; and in 1519 he married, secondly, Lady Margaret Gray,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 13.



fourth daughter of Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. He then states, without any reserve, that Lady Elizabeth, the second of these three daughters, was the lady who was the Geraldine of the Earl of Surrey.

A few years after, the attention of Horace Walpole was directed to this question, and he came, by his own independent consideration, to the same conclusion at which Collins had arrived, and which he announced, in 1758, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." He gives a kind of proof by comparison of what Surrey has told us, with what is known of Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, namely the Tuscan descent of Geraldine, the Irish Earl, the mother of royal extraction, her being first seen at Hunsdon, which was a nursery of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, with whom it is probable she was brought up; that he fell in love with her at Hampton, and was separated from her by his residence at Windsor.

If we are to suppose that Surrey's passion is to be taken as a reality, and not merely a poet's fiction, we shall find the subject perplexed with difficulties. The Lady Elizabeth was a mere child, not more than twelve years old. Surrey was then married, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, was living happily with his wife, whose birth was equal to his own. It betrays too little sagacity to suppose that a young married nobleman would have publicly avowed a passion for the daughter of a powerful earl, con-

nected with the highest families in the realm, and who was then living under the especial protection of her cousin the Princess Mary.

It is remarkable, that, whilst so extravagant a deduction has been drawn from one solitary sonnet, no notice has been hitherto taken of a poem, "The Complaint of the absence of her Lover, being upon the Sea," which bears striking marks of being dictated by the affection which subsisted between him and his Countess.<sup>1</sup>

Connected with the story of Surrey's vaunted affection for Geraldine is that absurd fable of his travels in Italy, to proclaim, in the true spirit of chivalry, the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight errantry. The whole legend first appeared in a work entitled, "The Unfortunate Traveller, or Life of Jack Wilton," written by the notable Thomas Nash, and published in 1594. It has since been credited and endorsed by Drayton, Winstanley, Anthony à Wood, Cibber, Walpole, and Warton; but finally exploded by Dr. Nott, who has demonstrated that this famed tournament is a fiction, and that Surrey was never in Italy.

On the 12th of November, 1537, Surrey attended, as one of the principal mourners, the funeral procession of Queen Anne Seymour from Hampton to Windsor, for interment in St. George's Chapel. He was also present at court on the following New Year's Day, and presented the king with three gilt bowls and a

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 28-31.

cover. It was early in the year 1539, when the negotiations were commencing for the matrimonial treaty between Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, that the following amusing colloquy took place between George Constantyne and John Barlow, Dean of Westbury, respecting the gallant Surrey, now in the twenty-second year of his age.

“*George.* If there should be any pledges sent into Cleves, in good faith I would the Earl of Surrey should be one of them.

“*Dean.* It is the most foolish proud boy that is in England.

“*George.* What, man, he hath a wife and a child, and ye call him boy?

“*Dean.* By God’s mercy methink he exceedeth.

“*George.* What then? he is wise for all that, as I hear. And as for pride, experience will correct well enough. No marvel though a young man, so noble a man’s son and heir apparent be proud, for we be too proud ourselves without those qualities. But I would wish that he should be one to be sent thither, for that he should there be fully instructed in God’s word and of experience. For if the Duke of Norfolk were as fully persuaded in it as he is in the contrary, he should do much good, for he is an earnest man, a bold man and witty, in all his matters.

“*Dean.* It is true, and ye say well in that.”<sup>1</sup>

In the spring of 1539 Surrey’s second son,

<sup>1</sup> *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii. p. 62.

Henry, afterwards created Earl of Northampton, was born, and it is clear that our poet at this time maintained the state and dignity of a nobleman in everything. Hence we find him on the 1st of May, 1540, with the knightly gallants of the court, distinguishing himself at the jousts and tournaments held at Durham House in honour of the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, "where he behaved himself with admirable courage, and great skill in the use of his arms."<sup>1</sup> Towards the close of that year Surrey accompanied the forces which were sent to put Guisnes into a state of defence, in case of a rupture with France, when he commenced his military career; his stay there was, however, very short.

Early in 1541, Sir Edmund Knevett struck the Earl's friend and attendant, Thomas Clere, within the precincts of the court. For this offence the usual punishment of the loss of the right hand was pronounced; but at Surrey's intercession, according to Dr. Nott, Knevett was pardoned. Hollingshed, however, says that Knevett obtained the king's grace himself, by begging that his left hand might be taken, and his right spared to render future service to his majesty. In September of the same year, Surrey and his father were appointed Stewards of the University of Cambridge.

On February 12th, 1542, the second of the five queens of Henry the Eighth, Catherine Howard, was sent to the block in the Tower;

<sup>1</sup> Dugdale's *Baronage*, ii. 275.

but as a proof that the king still cherished some regard for the queen's family, on St. George's day of the same year Surrey received one of the highest favours which his sovereign could confer, by being elected a Knight of the Garter.

Peculiarly susceptible of affront or injury, Surrey never hesitated a moment in resenting whatever appeared to affect his honour. A few months afterwards we find him again involved in a quarrel with a gentleman of the name of John à Leigh, whom he challenged, and the dispute has, without a shadow of proof, been attributed by Dr. Nott to Leigh's being his rival in Geraldine's affections! Be the cause, however, what it might, Surrey was evidently in fault, for he was sent a prisoner to the Fleet, being allowed two servants to attend upon him, but not permitted to entertain any friends at his table. The following letter was written during his confinement, and is of much interest. It was addressed to the Privy Council, and entreated them to obtain his liberation, or at least to intercede that he might be removed to a less noisy prison:—

“ MY VERY GOOD LORDS,

“ After my humble commendations to your Lordships; these presents shall be to advertise you, that albeit I have of late severally required each of you, by my servant Pickering, of your favour; from whom as yet I have received no other comfort than my passed folly hath deserved; I have yet thought it my duty again, as

well to renew my suit, as humbly to require you rather to impute this error to the fury of reckless youth, than to a will not conformable and contented, with the quiet learning of the just reward of my folly; for as much as I so suddenly and quickly did procure and attempt to seek for friendship, and entreat for my deliverance: as then not sufficiently pondering nor debating with myself, that a prince offended hath none redress upon his subject but condign punishment, without respect of person. Yet, let my youth unpractised in durance obtain pardon: (although for lack of strength it yield not itself wholly to his gentle chastisement,) whilst the heart is resolved in patience to pass over the same, in satisfaction of mine errors.

“And, my Lords, if it were lawful to persuade by the precedent of other young men reconciled, I would affirm that this might sound to me a happy fault: by so gentle a warning to learn how to bridle my heady will: which in youth is rarely attained without adversity. Where, might I without vaunt lay before you the quiet conversation of my passed life; which (unstained with any dishonest touch, unseeming in such a man as it hath pleased God and the King to make me,) might perfectly promise new amendment of mine offence. Whereof, if you doubt in any point, I shall humbly desire you, that during mine affliction, (in which time malice is most ready to slander the innocent) there may be made an whole examination of my life: wishing, for the better trial thereof, to have the

time of my durance redoubled; and so (declared as well tried, and unsuspected) by your mediations to be restored to the King's favour; than, condemned in your grave heads, without answer or further examination to be quickly delivered: this heinous offence always unexcused, whereupon I was committed to this noisome prison; whose pestilent airs are not unlike to bring some alteration of health.

“Wherefore, if your good Lordships judge me not a member rather to be clean cut away, than reformed; it may please you to be suitors to the King's Majesty on my behalf; as well for his favour, as for my liberty: or else, at the least, if his pleasure be to punish this oversight with the forbearing his presence, (which unto every loving subject, specially unto me, from a Prince cannot be less counted than a living death,) yet it would please him to command me into the country, to some place of open air, with like restraint of liberty, there to abide his Grace's pleasure.

“Finally, albeit no part of this my trespass in any way to do me good, I should judge me happy if it should please the King's Majesty to think, that this simple body rashly adventured in the revenge of his own quarrel, shall be without respect always ready to be employed in his service; trusting once so to redouble this error, which may be well repeated but not revoked. Desiring your good Lordships that like as my offence hath not been, my submission may likewise appear: which is all the recompense that I



Flect.<sup>1</sup> During his confinement Surrey gratified his spleen against the citizens, whose complaint produced his imprisonment, by giving an account of the transaction in the poem entitled, "A Satire against the Citizens of London,"<sup>2</sup> in which he wittily says that his conduct was intended as a punishment for their crimes. His companions in the outrage, Pickering and the young Wyatt, were also both sent to prison: the former to the Porter's Lodge, and the latter to the Counter.

Surrey's imprisonment was of short duration, for in October following his father sent him to Sir John Wallop, the commander of the army with which Henry had assisted the Emperor. He joined the allied camp before Landrecy, near Boulogne, being attended by his faithful servants Clere and Blage. Wallop thus announced his arrival to the king:—

"Yesterday Blage, who arrived here with my Lord of Surrey, went with Mr. Carew to see the trench, and escaped very hardly from a piece of ordnance that was shot towards him. My said Lord I brought about a great part of the town to view the same; and in his return was somewhat saluted. Their powder and shot they do bestow amongst us plentifully, and sometime doth hurt. My said Lord's coming unto this camp was very agreeable unto the Duke, and great Master, declaring a great amity and friendship that your Majesty beareth to the Emperor. I

<sup>1</sup> Privy Council Book of the Reign of Henry VIII.

<sup>2</sup> See page 68.



was very glad that my said Lord intended to go unto Fernando's camp, informing him, as they offered him sufficient conduct, and the great Master himself to bring him half way there."

In various letters from Sir John Wallop, Surrey's assiduity and skill in acquiring military knowledge are mentioned in terms of the highest panegyric. The siege was raised early in November, and, the army having gone into winter quarters, the Earl returned to England. It is supposed that he employed himself for some time afterwards in constructing his beautiful seat of Mount Surrey, at St. Leonard's, near Norwich, on the site of an ancient cell of Benedictine friars.

It was about the time when Surrey was engaged in finishing his magnificent building that he received into his family the celebrated Hadrian Junius as a physician, assigning him apartments at Kenninghall, with a yearly salary of fifty angels. Near this time, too, the poet Churchyard seems to have entered the Earl's service, as one of his pages, where, under the protection of such an accomplished master, he could both cultivate his music and his muse. In the following verses he paints Surrey's talents and virtues in glowing colours, rejoicing that he was for four years one of his retainers:—

"A master of no mean estate, a mirror in those days,  
His happy fortune then him gat, whose virtues must I praise.  
More heavenly were those gifts he had than earthly was his  
form,

His corpse too worthy for the grave, his flesh no meat for worm.

An Earl of birth; a God of sprite, a Tully for his tongue;  
Methink of right the world should shake when half his praise  
were rung.

Oh! cursed were those crooked crafts, that his own country  
wrought

To chop off such a chosen head as our time ne'er forth brought.  
His knowledge crept beyond the stars and wrought to Jove's  
high throne,

The bowels of the earth he saw, in his deep breast y-known.  
His wit looked through each man's device; his judgment  
grounded was,

Almost he had foresight to know ere things should come to  
pass;

When they should fall; what should betide, Oh! what a  
loss of weight

Was it to lose so ripe a head, that reached to such height!  
In every heart he feeling had: with pen past Petrarch sure,  
A fashion framed which could his foes to friendship oft allure,  
His virtues could not keep him here, but rather wrought his  
harms,

And made his enemies murmur oft, and brought them in by  
swarms.

Whose practice put him to his plunge, and lost his life thereby,  
Oh! canker'd breasts which have such hearts wherein such  
hate doth lie.

As I have told this young man served this master twice two  
year,

And learned therein such fruitful skill, as long he held full  
dear.

And used the pen as he was taught and other gifts also,  
Which made him hold the cap on head, where some do crouch  
full low."

About July, 1544, Henry again invaded France with a large army, the vanguard of which was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, and Surrey was appointed Marshal, an office of considerable importance, and requiring capacity and courage. The van and rearguard having joined the Emperor's forces, they laid siege to

Montreuil, and on the 26th of July, Henry invested Boulogne in person. As that town was the principal object of the King's attention all the resources were bestowed upon the besiegers, and his troops before Montreuil were allowed to want ammunition and pay. Norfolk's exertions did not, however, relax; and, aided by his son, he succeeded in distressing the garrison by famine. Surrey more than once distinguished himself during the siege, and his services are thus mentioned in one of his father's dispatches:—

“With hearty recommendations this shall be to advertise your good Lordships that this evening Monsieur de Bewers with his band, and my son of Surrey, my Lord of Sussex, my Lord Mountjoy, my brother William, my Lord Latimer, Mr. Treasurer, and all the rest of the noblemen whom I sent further upon Saturday at ten at night, returned hither to this camp this night at seven o'clock, without loss of any man slain, and have made a very honest journey, and have burnt the towns of St. Riquier and Riew, both walled towns, and also the fauxbourg of Abbeville, on this side of the town, where the English horsemen had a right hot skirmish, and after the coming of the whole army retired without loss, and burned all the country; and they of Crotey fearing our men would have laid siege of the castle, burned their own town. Our men have brought a very great booty of all sorts of cattle; the noblemen and gentlemen kept their footmen in such order, that they borrowed nothing of the Burgonians, and finally have made

such an excursion, that the like hath not been made since these wars began.”

In an attempt to storm Montreuil on the 19th of September, the Earl was either wounded or much exhausted, and he owed his life to the fidelity of Clere, who in bringing him off received a hurt which eventually caused his death. This affecting incident Surrey has himself commemorated in his epitaph on Clere:—

“Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,  
Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.  
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,  
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;  
Which cause did thee this pining death procure.”<sup>1</sup>

On the 25th of September a reinforcement was sent to the Duke of Norfolk, but it arrived too late: the siege of Montreuil was raised, and the English army retired to Boulogne on the 30th of that month. Norfolk reached England about the middle of December, and as nothing further is recorded of Surrey until Christmas Day, when he attended a Chapter of the Garter at Hampton Court, it may be inferred that he came back with his father. According to Monsieur Du Bellay, Surrey was again at Boulogne soon afterwards, but this statement is doubtful, and it is certain that he was present at a Chapter of the Garter on St. George's Day in 1545.

In July following he was at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where he received a letter from the Privy Council respecting some men that were raised for the expedition for the defence of Bou-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 62.

logne, which was then menaced by the French. The Earl was appointed commander of the vanguard, consisting of five thousand soldiers, with which he arrived at Calais in August, where he was joined by three thousand. On the 26th of that month he was constituted Commander of Guisnes; but within a short time he was removed, at his own request, to Boulogne. The post of Commander of Boulogne required energy, courage, and skill, and there is ample evidence that the Earl displayed each of those qualifications. Many of his despatches describing the state of affairs at different times are extant, but they contain little of general interest. A letter from his father to him, written in September, justifies the inference that his representations to the King, urging him to retain Boulogne, were not agreeable to the Privy Council:—

“ TO MY SON OF SURREY. .

“ WITH this ye shall receive your letter sent to me by this bearer; by the which I perceive ye find yourself grieved for that I declared to the King such things as Cavendish shewed to me: which I did by his desire; shewing the same of his behalf without speaking of you. And if he will say he desired not me to shew the King thereof, ye may [say] he sayeth untruly. For the King hawking for a pheasant, he desired me as he went homeward to declare the same to his Highness. This is true, and he taken here not of the best sort. Ye may be sure I do not use my doings of any sort that may turn you to any

displeasure. Have yourself in await, that ye animate not the King too much for the keeping of Boulogne; for who so doth, at length shall get small thanks. I have so handled the matter, that if any adventure be given to win the new fortress at Boulogne, ye shall have the charge thereof; and therefore, look well what answer ye make to the letter from us of the Council. Confirm not the enterprises contained in them.

“ Having written the premises, Mr. Paget desired me to write to you in no wise to animate the King to keep Boulogne. Upon what grounds he spake it I know not; but I fear ye wrote something too much therein to somebody. And thus with God’s blessing and mine, Fare ye well. From Windsor, the 27th of September at night.

“ Your loving father,

“ T. NORFOLK.”

· In a postscript to an unimportant letter to Lord Cobham, dated at Boulogne on the 20th of October, 1545, Surrey says,—

“ Whereas, I perceive Sir Edward Wotton’s son fantaseth a genet gelding of mine, that standeth at Calais, which is blind and winded, I am ashamed to give him; but if it please him to take him till I be able to give him a better, I shall desire him so to do.”

A communication addressed to Sir William Paget, on the 20th of the following month, will be inserted, as it shews the zeal with which the Earl advocated the interests of his friends:—



“ It may like you, gentle Mr. Secretary, to give me leave, amid your weighty affairs, to trouble you with an earnest suit. Whereas Mr. Treasurer of Guisnes is discharged, and some other, as I hear, appointed to his place, it will please you to inform yourself by the report of such as knoweth, [of] a gentleman, sometime my servant, and now a captain within this town, called T. Shelley, what his conditions and qualities are, and disposition to service, and then to square within yourself whether it be meet to recommend for that office such one, at the most effectual request of your poor friend, of whose rare virtues I could write more at large, but that I know virtue for the self, is to you sufficiently recommended; and that Mr. Palmer awaiteth upon you, who can sufficiently of the ability of the man instruct you. Assuring you, Sir, that I dare promise more of that man, his truth and honesty, than of any man that I know alive; and I should think myself happy to have bred such a servant, as I trust his Majesty should find him. And for your favour to be granted that man, I shall most heartily beseech you, and think the pleasure done as to myself, praying you to pardon my earnest writing: for the worthiness of the man bears it. And thus leaving to trouble you, I pray to God to send you health. From Boulogne, the 20th of November.

“ Your own most assuredly,

“ H. SURREY.”

Surrey having received intimation early in January, 1545-6, that the French were about to advance from Montreuil to re-victual the fortress, he marched from Boulogne with great part of the garrison to intercept them near St. Etienne. Though he was inferior in numbers, he gallantly attacked the French troops; but, in consequence of the cowardice of one division of his forces, who fled in confusion, notwithstanding all the Earl's efforts to rally them, the English were defeated, and forced to retreat to Boulogne.

Surrey's despatch to the King, giving an account of this affair, is as follows:—

“It may like your most excellent Majesty; that having certain espial that Monsieur Du Biez was set fort [forth] of Montreuil with six hundred horse, and three thousand footmen, to relieve the great necessity of the fortress, mentioned in our former letters; we took yesterday before day the trenches at St. Etienne, with six hundred footmen, and sent out Mr. Ellerkar with all the horsemen of this town, and Mr. Pollard with two hundred, that he brought the night before from Guisnes, to discover whither their camp marched, which he had discovered by their fires at Nouclier over night, six miles on this side Montreuil. And as they passed by Hardelot, Mr. Pollard was hurt with a culverin in the knee, and died thereof the night following; of whom your Majesty had a notable loss.

“Our horsemen discovered their march beyond Hardelot, whereupon I, the Earl of Surrey, being



advertised, according to the order agreed upon amongst us, issued out with Mr. Bridges, Sir Henry Palmer, Sir Thomas Palmer, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and two thousand footmen; leaving within your Majesty's pieces two thousand footmen, and the rest of the council here, divided in the pieces. And by that time that we had set our horsemen and footmen in order of battle, without the trench of St. Etienne, the enemy was also in order of battle on this side Hardelot, and had put on their carriages by the sea's side, towards the fortress. Whereupon, having discovered their horsemen not above five hundred, and footmen about four thousand, pondering the weight of the service, which might have imported no less success than the winning of the fortress; and the courage and good will that seemed in our men (the surety of your Majesty's pieces being provided for) upon a consultation we presented them the fight with a squadre of pikes and bills, about threescore in file, and two wings of harquebussiers, and one of bows; and our horsemen on the right wing. Many of the captains and gentlemen were in the first rank by their desire; for because they were well armed in corselets. The battle of the Almains came towards us likewise with two wings of harquebussiers and two troops of horsemen.

“Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Porter, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Granado, with all the horsemen of this town, and Guisnes, gave the charge upon their right flank, and brake their harquebussiers. Their horsemen fled and ours followed the victory, and killed and slew till they

came to the carriages, where they brake four score and ten, accompted by tale this morning. Our squadre then joined with the Almaines, with a cry of as great courage, and in as good order as we could wish. And by that time our first rank and the second were come to the push of the pike, there grew a disorder in our men, and without cause fled; at which time many of our gentlemen were slain, which gave as hardy an onset as hath been seen, and could but have had good success, if they had been followed. So, stinted they never for any devise that we could use, till they came to the trenches: and being well settled there, which is such a place as may be kept against all their camp, they forsook that and took the river, which gave the enemy courage to follow them: albeit the night drawing then on, they followed not far beyond. Assuring your Majesty that the fury of their flight was such, that it booted little the travail that was taken upon every strait to stay them. And so seeing it not possible to stop them, we suffered them to retire to the town. In this meanwhile, our horsemen thinking all won, finding the disorder, were fain to pass over at a passage a mile beneath Pont de Brique, without any loss, having slain a great number of the enemies; whereof we have yet no certain advertisement.

“ Thus was there loss and victory on both sides. And this morning we sent over afore day to number the dead. There was slain of our side two hundred and five; whereof captains Mr. Edward Poynings, Captain Story, Captain Jones, Spencer, Roberts, Basford, Wourth,

Wynchcombe, Mr. Vawse, and a man at arms called Harvy. Captain Crayford and Mr. John Palmer, and Captain Shelley, and Captain Cobham, missed, but not found. All these were slain in the first rank. Other there were that escaped. Among whom Mr. Wyatt was one; assuring your Majesty that there were never gentlemen served more hardily, if it had chanced, and saving the disorder of our footmen that fled without cause, when all things almost seemed won. The enemy took more loss than we, but for the gentlemen; whose loss was much to be lamented. And this day we have kept the field from the break of day; and the enemy retired to Montreuil immediately after the fight, and left their carriages distressed behind them. And not twenty carts entered into the fortress; and that biscuit.

“Beseeching your Majesty, though the success hath not been such as we wished, to accept the good intent of us all; considering that it seemed to us, in a matter of such importance, a necessary thing to present the fight. And that Mr. Ellerkar may know we have humbly recommended his good service unto your Highness; which was such, as if all the rest had answered to the same, the enemy had been utterly discomfited; and that it may please your Majesty to give him credit for the declaration thereof more at large. Further; whereas Mr. Henry Dudley was one of those of the first rank that gave the onset upon the enemy, and is a man [to be esteemed] for his knowledge, heart, and of good service, it may like your Highness to be his good and gracious Lord; that whereas Mr. Poynings, late

captain of your Majesty's guard here is deceased, if your Highness shall think him able to succeed him in that room, at our humble intercession to admit him thereto; if it may so stand with your most gracious pleasure.

“And thus beseeching your Highness to accept our poor service, albeit the success in all things was not such as we wished, yet was the enemies enterprise disappointed, which could not have been otherwise done, and more of their part slain than of ours; and the fortress in as great misery as before, and a sudden flight the let of a full victory. And if any disorder there were, we assure your Majesty there was no default in the rulers, nor lack of courage to be given them, but a humour that sometime reigneth in Englishmen: most humbly thanking your Majesty that it hath pleased the same to consider their payment; which shall much revive their hearts to adventure most willingly their lives, according to their most bounden duty, in your Majesty's service, to make recompense for the disorder that now they have made.

“And thus we pray to God to preserve your most excellent Majesty. From your Highness's town of Boulogne, this 8th of January, 1546.

Your Majesty's most humble

and obedient Servants and Subjects,

H. SURREY.

HUGH POULET.

HENRY PALMER.

RICHARD CAVENDISH. JOHN BYRGGYS.

RICHARD WYNDEBANCKE.

“ P.S. Whereas we think that this victual can serve for no long time, that they have put into the fortress; wherefore it is to be thought the enemy will attempt the like again shortly: it may please your Majesty to resolve what is further to be done by us; and for the declaration of our poor opinions therein, we have sent Mr. Ellerkar to your Majesty, to whom may it please your Highness to give credit in that behalf; and the present tempest being such, we have thought it meet to send these before, and stay him for a better passage.”

His defeat has been supposed to have lessened the good opinion which the King entertained of him; but this is doubtful, as he continued in the command of Boulogne for three months after that event; and, in the beginning of March, he applied to Henry for permission that his wife might join him at Boulogne, which request was refused, on the ground that “time of service, which will bring some trouble and disquietness unmeet for women’s imbecilities, approacheth.” The first intimation he received that he was to be superseded was in a letter from Secretary Paget, dated about the middle of March, in which there are these passages:—

“My Lord, the latter part of your letter, touching the intended enterprise of the enemy, giveth me occasion to write unto you frankly my poor opinion; trusting your Lordship will take the same in no worse part than I mean it. As your Lordship wisheth, so his Majesty mindeth to do somewhat for the endommaging of the

enemy: and for that purpose hath appointed to send an army over shortly, and that my Lord of Hertford shall be his Highness's Lieutenant General at his being in Boulonnois.<sup>1</sup> Whereby I fear your authority of Lieutenant shall be touched: for I believe that the later ordering of a Lieutenant taketh away the commission of him that was there before. Now, my Lord, because you have been pleased I should write mine advice to your Lordship in things concerning your honour and benefit, I could no less do than put you in remembrance how much in mine opinion this shall touch your honour, if you should pass the thing over in silence until the very time of my Lord of Hertford's coming over thither; for so should both your authority be taken away, as I fear is Boulonnois, and also it should fortune ye to come abroad without any place of estimation in the field; which the world would much muse at, and, though there be no such matter, think you were rejected upon occasion of some either negligence, inexperience, or such other like fault; for so many heads so many judgments. Wherefore, my Lord, in my opinion, you should do well to make sure by times to his Majesty to appoint you to some place of service in the army; as to the Captainship of the Foreward, or Rearward; or to such other place of honour as should be meet for you;

<sup>1</sup> This appointment was announced officially by the Privy Council to Surrey and the Council of Boulogne on the 21st of March, 1545-6, by a dispatch of which a minute is in the State Paper Office, and has been printed by Nott, i. 227. Lord Hertford reached Calais on the 23rd of March.



for so should you be where knowledge and experience may be gotten. Whereby you should the better be able hereafter to serve, and also to have peradventure occasion to do some notable service in revenge of your men, at the last encounter with the enemies, which should be to your reputation in the world. Whereas, being hitherto noted as you are a man of a noble courage, and of a desire to show the same to the face of your enemies, if you should now tarry at home within a wall, having I doubt a show of your authority touched, it would be thought abroad I fear, that either you were desirous to tarry in a sure place of rest, or else that the credit of your courage and forwardness to serve were diminished; and that you were taken here for a man of [little] activity or service.

“Wherefore, in my opinion, you shall do well, and provide wisely for the conservation of your reputation, to sue to his Majesty for a place of service in the field. Wherein if it shall please you to use me as a mean to his Majesty, I trust so to set forth the matter to his Majesty, as he shall take the same in gracious part, and be content to appoint you to such a place as may best stand with your honour. And this counsel I write unto you as one that would you well; trusting that your Lordship will even so interpret the same, and let me know your mind herein betimes.”

Within a few weeks Surrey was summoned to the King's presence to advise on the best mode of fortifying Boulogne; but this command was

in fact a civil manner of announcing that he was superseded by the Earl of Hertford.

The next notice which occurs of the Earl is the following letter from him to Secretary Paget, dated on the 14th of July, which is very characteristic. It relates to his conduct whilst commander of Boulogne with respect to the claims of some of the King's servants, as well as of persons to whom Surrey had given certain appointments. His reply to Lord Grey's insinuation that he had himself derived a profit from them is written with all the dignity of conscious integrity: "There are," he says, "in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never corrupted by personal considerations, and that his hand never closed upon a bribe: a lesson," he adds, "which he learnt from his father, whom he desired to imitate in this as in all other things."

"To the Right Worshipful Sir William Paget,  
Kt. one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries:

"It may like you, with my hearty commendations; that whereas yesternight I perceived by you, that the King's Majesty thinketh his liberality sufficiently extended towards the strangers that have served him, I have with fair words done my best so to satisfy them accordingly; assuring you on my faith, that their necessity seemed to me such, as it cost me an hundred ducats of mine own purse, and somewhat else:



so that now there resteth nothing to be done but their passports and ready dispatch from you, wherein it may please you to consider their great charges here.

“And now you shall give me leave to come to mine own matters. Coming from Boulogne in such sort as you know, I left only two of my servants behind me; John Rosington and Thomas Copeland. To the said John, for his notable service, I gave the advantage of the play in Boulogne; to Thomas, the prefect of the passage: whom my Lord Grey put immediately out of service after my departure, notwithstanding the letter I obtained from you to him in their favour. Upon a better consideration, John occupieth his room; and my Lord to his own use occupieth the other's office of the passage; saying, ‘That I, and my predecessors there should use the same to our gain;’ (which I assure you is untrue) and that it should be parcel of the entertainment of the Deputy; which in Calais was never used, and is, me seemeth, too near for a Deputy to grate; unless it were for some displeasure borne me.

“Finally, Mr. Secretary, this is the only suit that I have made you for any thing touching Boulogne sith my departure; wherefore it may please you, that if my Lord Grey will needs be passager, and that the office was no less worth to the said Thomas than fifty pounds a year, being placed there by a King's Lieutenant, (which me thinketh a great disorder that a Captain of Boulogne should displace for any private

gain,) yet at the least it may please you to request my Lord Grey to recompense him with a sum of money in recompense of that, that he hath lost, and purchased so dearly with so many dangers of life; which my said Lord of his liberality cannot refrain to do.

“And for answer, that my said Lord chargeth me to have returned the same to my private profit, in his so saying he can have none honour. For there be in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never for singular profit corrupted; nor never yet bribe closed his hand: which lesson I learned of my father; and wish to succeed him therein as in the rest.

“Further; whereas the said Copeland was placed there for his merits by Mr. Southwell, and me, of the guard; and that my said Lord Grey detaineth from him his wages, it may please you, at my hearty request, to grant him your letters for the obtaining thereof; and of the rest, and to pardon my frankness, for that you know it is my natural, to use it with [such as I do hold my friends]. And thus wishing you [to continue ever more] my friend, till I deserve of [any fault of mine the con]trary, I pray to God send you [what ever good your own] heart desireth. From — — — —14th July 1546.

“Your assured loving friend,

“H. SURREY.”

The great influence which the Earl of Hert-

ford possessed was viewed with jealousy by Norfolk and his son, though they sought to conciliate him by proposing an alliance between the widowed Duchess of Richmond, whose marriage was never consummated, and the Earl's brother, Sir Thomas Seymour. This alliance did not, however, take place, and Surrey, either from dislike of Hertford or from some other cause, was not employed under him. Disappointed ambition, in a person of an impetuous and haughty temper, generally vents itself in bitter speeches against the author of a supposed wrong; and Surrey, after his return to England, towards the end of March, 1547, often expressed himself with great asperity about Hertford.

This conduct having reached the king's ears, Surrey was arrested and imprisoned at Windsor in July following, when Henry ordered his father to be apprised of his imprudence. The Duke in a letter to the Council desired them to thank his Majesty for informing him of his son's "foolish demeanour;" and after expressing pleasure at finding he had evinced a proper sense of his behaviour, Norfolk prayed that he might be "earnestly handled, in order that he may have regard hereafter so to use himself, that he may give his Majesty no cause of discontent." Surrey's confinement must have been short, as he officiated at court early in August, on the arrival of the French Ambassadors.

During the first two weeks of December the enemies of the Earl were actively engaged in collecting evidence to accomplish his destruction.

The king was known to be dying, and the Earl of Hertford, as uncle to the heir of the throne, aspired to be protector of the kingdom during the minority of his nephew ; whilst on the other hand, Surrey had been for some years speculating on a Norfolk regency. Suspicion having been aroused by the assumption of the royal arms by the Earl, and his known dislike to “ the new nobility,” it was not difficult to contrive the mesh in which he was ultimately snared. From some fragments of evidence discovered by Mr. Froude in the State Paper Office (Domestic, vol. xix.) we have a remarkable illustration of the hastiness of Surrey’s temper, and the enthusiastic turn of his mind.

“ Sir Edmund Warner being commanded by Sir William Paget to put in writing all such words and communications as had heretofore been betwixt him and the Earl of Surrey that might in any wise touch the King’s Highness and his posterity, or of any other person, what he had heard of the said Earl that might in any way tend to the same effect, deposed, that of the Earl himself he had heard nothing ; but in the summer last past Mr. Devereux did tell him upon certain communications of the pride and vain glory of the said Earl, that it was possible it might be abated one day ; and when he, Sir Edmund Warner, asked what he meant thereby, he said, what if he were accused to the King, that he should say, ‘ If God should call the King to his mercy, who were so meet to govern the Prince as my Lord his father.’ ”

“Sir Edward Rogers being examined, deposed, Sir George Blage was in communication with the Earl and me, and the Earl entered in question with Blage, or Blage with the Earl, who were meetest to have the rule and governance of the Prince in case God should disclose his pleasure on the King’s majesty. Blage said he thought meetest such as his Highness should appoint. The Earl contrary-wise said that his father was the meetest personage to be deputed to that room, as well in respect of the good service he had done, as also for his estate. Blage answered, saying, He trusted never to see that day, and that the Prince should be but evil taught if he were of his father’s teaching.”

But a sadder charge against the character of Surrey was next to follow, of which it is difficult to believe it capable.

“Sir Gawin Carew examined, said that my Lady of Richmond (sister of the Earl) had discovered unto him as strange a practice of her brother as ever he had heard of, which was that the aforesaid Earl, pretending the face of a marriage to have succeeded between Sir Thomas Seymour and the said lady, did will and advise her that what time the King’s majesty should send for her (as it should be brought about that the King’s Highness should move her in that behalf), she should so order herself as neither she should seem to grant nor to deny that his Majesty did will her unto, but rather to so temper her tale as his Highness might thereby have occasion to send for her again, and so possibly

that his Majesty might cast some love unto her, whereby in process she should bear as great a stroke about him as Madame d'Estampes did about the French king."

In another deposition on the same subject, the deponent says, "that the reply of the Duchess to these suggestions was, that she defied her brother, and said that they should all perish, and she would cut her own throat rather than she would consent to such a villany."

On the 12th of December Surrey and his father were arrested and sent to the Tower, each being ignorant of the other's fate, and the king was persuaded to proceed to extremities with the Howards. The Duchess of Richmond at this time was at her usual residence, her father's mansion of Kenninghall, near Thetford, whither three commissioners, Sir John Gate, Sir Richard Southwell, and Sir Wymound Carew, were dispatched in all haste. Their report to the King<sup>1</sup> not only gives a graphic picture of this startling catastrophe in a great household; but shows how overcome with alarm and doubt the Duchess herself was, and how, in her natural anxiety to defend her father, she was entrapped perhaps into making further admissions respecting her brother than she might otherwise have done.

The commissioners state, that on their arrival at Kenninghall on December 14, 1546, "we did declare our desire to speak with the Duchess

<sup>1</sup> Printed *in extenso* in the *State Papers, temp. Henry VIII*, vol. i. p. 388, published by the Record Commission.



of Richmond and Elizabeth Holland,<sup>1</sup> both which we found at that time newly risen, and not ready. Nevertheless, having knowledge that we would speak with them, they came unto us without delay into the dining chamber, and so we imparted unto them the case and condition wherein the said Duke and his son, without your great mercy, did stand; wherewith as we found the Duchess a woman sore perplexed, trembling, and like to fall down, so coming unto herself again, she was not, we assure your Majesty, forgetful of her duty, and did most humbly and reverently upon her knees humble herself in all unto your Highness, saying that although nature constrained her sore to love her father, whom she hath ever thought to be a true and faithful subject, and also to desire the well-doing of his son, her natural brother, whom she noteth to be a rash man. Yet, for her part, she would nor will hide or conceal any thing from your Majesty's knowledge, specially if it be of weight, or otherwise, as it shall fall in her remembrance, which she hath promised, for the better declaration of her integrity, to exhibit in writing unto your Highness's most honourable council."

The commissioners then state, that they

<sup>1</sup> "That drab, Bess Holland," as the enraged Duchess of Norfolk styles her in one of her letters, who was the principal cause of the domestic quarrels at Kenninghall. She retained her influence over the Duke until the time of his attainder, as is amply shown by the inventories of her apparel and jewels, which were seized by the commissioners, but afterwards restored to her.

searched the chambers and coffers of the Duchess, but found no papers of consequence, and her chambers were, they report, "so bare, as your majesty will hardly think, her jewels, such as she had, sold or lende to gage, to pay her debts, as she, her maidens, and the almoner do say." In Elizabeth Holland's chamber were found more trinkets, girdles, beads, buttons, rings, &c., but still no papers. The Countess of Surrey is named as being at Kenninghall with her children and nursery women, and "looking her time to lie in at this next Candlemass." The King's will is consulted as to whether she is to remain there, or the household to be broken up. The Duchess of Richmond and Elizabeth Holland set off that day or the next for London.

The Earl of Surrey was accused of high treason under the statute of the 28th of Henry VIII, chap. vii. sect. 12, entitled, "An Act for the Establishment of the Succession of the Imperial Crown of the Realm," whereby, among other offences, it was enacted, that if any person by speaking, writing, or printing, or by any other act or deed, did any thing to the peril of the King's person or of his heir, or should by any act, speech, or deed, occasion the King to be disturbed in the possession of his Crown, he should be considered a traitor. The indictment then proceeds to recite that King Edward the Confessor had borne certain arms which belonged exclusively to that monarch, his progenitors, and successors, Kings of England; that Henry and all his progenitors had, from time immemo-



rial, used and borne the said arms, they being annexed to the crown of England; that Prince Edward, the King's son and heir apparent, had always borne the same arms from the time of his birth, with the difference of a silver label of three points, to the said Prince of right belonging, and to no other subject whatever; that the Earl of Surrey, unmindful of his allegiance, had, as a false traitor and public enemy of the King, conspired to withdraw his subjects from their allegiance, and to deprive the King of his royal dignity, on the 7th of October, 1546, in Kenninghall, in the county of Norfolk, in the house of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, his father, by traitorously and openly causing the said arms of the King, with three silver labels, to be painted in conjunction with his own proper arms, thereby intending to repress, destroy, annihilate, and scandalize the true and undoubted title of the said Lord, the now King to the crown of this his realm of England; and also traitorously to disinherit and interrupt the said Lord Prince Edward of his true and undoubted title in and to the said crown of this realm of England, and then and there maliciously, voluntarily, and traitorously giving occasion whereby the said Lord the now King might be disturbed and interrupted in his said true title to the said crown of this his realm of England, to the scandal, peril, derogation, and contempt of the said Lord the now King and of his said lawful title to his said crown of England.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Nott, in his *Memoir of the Earl*, p. ci, has printed

In proof of this charge Mrs. Holland, the Duke of Norfolk's mistress, deposed in general terms that he had reproached Surrey for his want of skill in quartering his arms. The Duchess of Richmond declared that he had spoken with asperity of Hertford, to whom he attributed his late imprisonment; that he had shown dislike to the new nobility; had complained that the King expressed displeasure for the defeat at Boulogne in the preceding year; that he had dissuaded her from reading too far in the scriptures; and that he had erected an altar in a church at Boulogne: but in the conclusion of her deposition, she maliciously insinuated that the earl had surmounted his arms instead of with a coronet, with what "seemed to her much like a close crown, and a cipher which she took to be the king's cipher, H.R."

a document found in the Heralds' College, of a conversation between Surrey and the Richmond Herald respecting an alteration in his arms, which took place whilst Surrey was still in favour, and before he went to Boulogne. This document was probably adduced against him upon his trial. Charles Young (now Garter) discovered the original in the library of the College of Arms. It is in a collection of various papers, bound up together, and given by Sir William Dugdale to the College. He has also ascertained that Sir Gilbert Dethycke was the Richmond Herald there alluded to, and it also appears clear to him that Sir Chris. Barker, then garter king at arms, was the person with whom the conversation was held. He appeared as a witness at Surrey's trial, and if the conversation stated be the summary of his evidence, it would prove that he added great ingratitude to his impatience, and the ignorance in his profession, which he then made proof of. (*Memorials of the Howard Family*, ed. 1837, No. VII.)

Sir Edmund Knyvett and Thomas Pope also gave their testimony, but it contained nothing of the slightest importance.

The crime for which this young nobleman was thus arraigned has never been properly examined ; and, satisfied with its manifest absurdity, historians as well as the biographers of Surrey have omitted to point out upon what grounds that inference is justified.

The arms of King Edward the Confessor are presumed to have been a blue field charged with a gold cross flory at the ends, between five gold martlets, a kind of swallow without legs ; but as heraldry was then unknown, it is extremely doubtful if this or any other bearing was used by that monarch. Arms appear to have been used by the kings of England in the reign of Richard the First, who bore a red shield, charged with three gold lions, which have ever since been deemed to be the arms of England. As early as the time of Edward the First, and probably about a century before, the arms of three saints were always borne on banners in the English army, and on all state occasions, namely, those of St. George, the tutelar saint of this country ; of St. Edmund, and of St. Edward the Confessor, but neither of those ensigns was deemed to be connected with the sovereignty of England. Richard the Second, however, being actuated by extraordinary veneration for St. Edward the Confessor, chose him for his patron saint, and impaled his arms with those of England and France ; and, at the same time, he

granted the Confessor's arms to be borne per pale with the paternal coats of two or three of the most eminent noblemen of the day, each of whom was descended from the blood royal. One of the persons so distinguished was Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk, the right to whose arms and quarterings was indisputably inherited by the Earl of Surrey, but the right to the coat of the Confessor depends upon whether it was granted to Mowbray for life only, or to him *and his heirs*, a point which has not been ascertained. Conceiving himself, however, entitled to it,<sup>1</sup> Surrey in marshaling his arms included it with his other numerous quarterings, and the injustice of construing the act into a treasonable design is still more apparent from other circumstances. Neither Henry the Eighth nor any other monarch after Richard the Second, ever used the arms of the Confessor in conjunction with their own, and the statement that Prince Edward then did so with a label, is not supported by any other evi-

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Norfolk stated in his petition to Queen Mary, to have his own and Surrey's attainder reversed :—

“And forasmuch most gracious Sovereign Lady as the offence wherewith your said subject and supplicant was charged, and whereof he was indicted, was for bearing of arms, which he and his ancestors had heretofore of long time and continuance borne, as well within this realm as without, and as well also in the presence of the said late King, as in the presence of divers of his noble progenitors, Kings of England, and which said arms your said supplicant and subject, and his ancestors might lawfully and justly bear and give, as by good and substantial matter of record it may and doth appear.”

dence. Surrey introduced the label as the proper distinction of his arms from those of his father, so that he appears to have done nothing that he was not authorized by law to do; and even at this moment heralds allow the Confessor's arms to several noble families. It is remarkable that whilst this preposterous accusation was brought against Surrey, he himself bore the *royal* arms by virtue of his descent from Thomas of Brotherton,<sup>1</sup> the son of Edward the First, whilst various other noblemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth quartered the royal arms of England and France, and two if not more of them, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Wiltshire, had borne them, not in the inferior position of the third or fourth, but in the *first* quarter, as their paternal arms with impunity, and as a matter of acknowledged right.<sup>2</sup>

Surrey was brought to trial at the Guildhall on the 13th January, 1547, when he defended himself with singular courage and ability, by in-

<sup>1</sup> It is a singular fact, that when Henry the Eighth granted armorial ensigns to Anne Boleyn, then Marchioness of Pembroke, he took especial care to shew her *royal* and illustrious descent through the *Howards*, by introducing the arms of Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward the First, and of the Warrens, Earls of Surrey, out of the *Howard* shield. In the arms of Katharine Howard, Henry impaled with his own the same royal quartering of Brotherton, whilst in farther evidence of her royal descent, one of the quarterings was formed of the arms of France and England.

<sup>2</sup> It was for some centuries the Law of Arms, that whenever a person was entitled to quarter the royal arms, they were to take precedence of all others by being placed in the first quarter.

peaching the evidence brought against him, and urging his right, on the authority of the Heralds and of precedent, to bear the obnoxious arms. When a witness asserted that, in a conversation with the Earl, he repeated some strong expression which Surrey had used, together with his own insolent reply, the prisoner made no other observation than by turning to the Jury and saying, "I leave it to you to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surrey and he not strike him."

But neither eloquence, nor spirit, nor even innocence itself, was likely to avail a man accused of treason in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the Jury, among whom it is melancholy to find two near relations of his faithful attendant Clere, found him guilty. He was remanded to the Tower, and beheaded on the 21st of January, just eight days after his conviction, and when he was only thirty years of age.<sup>1</sup>

No particulars are preserved of his deportment in prison or on the scaffold; but from the noble spirit he evinced at his trial, and from his general character, it cannot be doubted that he behaved in the last scene of his existence with fortitude and dignity. On the barbarous injustice to which

<sup>1</sup> For some particulars of the trial of the Earl of Surrey consult Herbert's *Life and Reign of Henry VIII.*, fol. 1672, p. 626; Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, i. 345; and the "First Part of the Inventory and Calendar of the Contents of the Baga de Secretis," printed in the Third Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, Feb. 28, 1842, Appendix, p. 267.



he was sacrificed comment is unnecessary, but regret at his early fate is increased by the circumstance that Henry himself, whose name is a disgrace to any country, in any age, was in extremities when he ordered his execution. His swollen and enfeebled hands having been long unequal to the task of guiding a pen, a stamp, with the facsimile of the initials "H. R.," was affixed to the death-warrant in his presence.<sup>1</sup> In like manner was that for the execution of the Duke of Norfolk signed; but the King dying within the same week, his life was preserved. Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower Street, but his body was removed to Framlingham by his son, the Earl of Northampton, where he erected a handsome monument to his father's memory, with this inscription:—

HENRICO . HOWARDO . THOMÆ . SECUNDI . DUCIS  
 NORFOLCIÆ . FILIO . PRIMOGENITO . THOMÆ . TERTII  
 PATRI . COMITI . SURRIÆ . ET . GEORGIANI . ORDINIS  
 EQUITI . AURATO . IMMATURE . ANNO . SALUTIS  
 MDXLVI . ABREPTO . ET . FRANCISCÆ . UXORI  
 EJUS . FILIÆ . JOHANNIS . COMITIS . OXONIÆ . HENRICUS  
 HOWARDUS . COMES . NORTHAMPTONIÆ . FILIUS  
 SECUNDO . GENITUS . HOC . SUPREMUM . PIETATIS  
 IN . PARENTES . MONUMENTUM . POSUIT  
 ANNO . DOMINI . MDCXIV .

<sup>1</sup> On August 31, 1546, Henry appointed A. Denny, J. Gate, and William Clere, to sign all instruments requiring his signature in the following manner: two of them were to impress a dry stamp upon the instrument, and the third to fill up the impression with pen and ink.



The monument of the Earl of Surrey at Framlingham is an elevated tomb, with his arms and those of his lady in the front, in the angles, and an inscription in the centre. His effigy in armour, with an ermined mantle, his feet bearing against a lion couchant. His lady, in black, with an ermined mantle and a coronet, on his left, and both having their hands joined in prayer. On a projecting plynth in front is the figure of his second son, the Earl of Northampton, in armour, with a mantle of ermine, kneeling in prayer. Behind, on a similar plynth, kneeling, with a coronet and in robes, his eldest daughter, Jane, Countess of Westmoreland, on the right; and his third daughter, Catherine, the wife of Henry Lord Berkeley, kneeling on the left. The monument is kept in order, and painted occasionally, as directed by the will of the Earl of Northampton, out of the endowment of his hospital at Greenwich. In making a repair of this monument in October, 1835, the Rev. George Attwood, curate of Framlingham, discovered the remains of the Earl lying imbedded in clay, directly under his figure on his tomb.

Whatever may have been the Earl's happiness in his own family, the situation of his parents must have occasioned him much uneasiness; and it is to be regretted that his mother should have had to accuse him of unkindness. For several years after their marriage the Duke and Duchess lived together in comparative harmony; and it does not appear when the discord first commenced. She bore him five children; and at a

period long after the event, she charged him with great cruelty at the time of the birth of the Duchess of Richmond; but this he absolutely denied. The principal cause of alienation was the Duke's attachment to a lady whom the Duchess terms "that drab, Bess Holland," and which attachment was supposed by the Duchess to have commenced nearly seven years before her separation from him. It added to the Duchess's mortification that her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, associated with this person. It was in 1534 that the final quarrel and separation took place; when the Duchess went to reside at Redborne in Hertfordshire, which she describes as a "hard" or expensive country. From not receiving a proper allowance for her support, she complained to Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, praying him to intercede on her behalf. Her letters, which are curious, are preserved in the Cottonian collection (Titus B. i.), and were consulted by Lord Herbert of Cherbury for his *History of the Reign of Henry VIII*, and are printed by Dr. Nott in the Appendix to his *Life of the Earl of Surrey*. The Duke of Norfolk died in 1554, and the Duchess survived him four years. She died on Nov. 30, 1558, and was buried in the Howard Chapel, Lambeth, where was formerly an epitaph written by her brother, Henry Lord Stafford.

Lord Surrey left two sons, Thomas, then about the age of eleven, who became the fourth Duke of Norfolk; and Henry, who was created, by James the First, Lord Howard of Marnhill and

Earl of Northampton; and three daughters: Jane, who married Charles Neville Earl of Westmoreland; Katharine, who became the wife of Henry Lord Berkeley; and Margaret, who married Henry Lord Scrope of Bolton. All which is known of his widow, the Countess Frances, is, that she married secondly, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Thomas Steyning, of Woodford, in Suffolk, Esq., by whom she had a daughter, Mary, who married Charles Seckford, Esq. The Countess died at Soham Earl, about a mile and a half from Framlingham, on the 30th June, 1577, thirty years after the death of the Earl of Surrey.

A curious inventory of Surrey's apparel is particularly deserving of notice, from the manner in which it was distributed among his enemies the Seymours, and others, by the Crown, to which it fell by his attainder. These rapacious favourites considered nothing too trifling for their acceptance, and their conduct affords a humiliating idea of a nobleman of the sixteenth century. Both the Protector and his brother partook also very largely of the Duke of Norfolk's jewels and other property.

ALL THESE TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.—One Parliament robe of purple velvet, with a garter set upon the shoulder; four black velvet caps, set with pearl and goldsmiths' work; a hat of crimson satin and crimson velvet, with a white feather; a scarf of crimson gold, sarcenet; two pairs of knit hose; two dozen arming points; a knit petticoat; two rapiers, all gilt, graven antique; two daggers, all gilt and graven, appendant to two girdles; a gilt dagger, with a sheath of black velvet; a pair of stirrups, all gilt; ditto, parcel gilt; another pair of stirrups; two pair of spurs

gilt; a horse harness of black velvet, set with studs, of copper, and gilt; a fod cloth of black velvet, fringed with Venice gold; a horse harness of crimson velvet, fringed with Venice gold.

TO MR. COLLEY AND MR. THORP.—A robe, with hood, and crimson velvet.

TO MR. BRIAN.—A gown of cloth of gold, furred and faced with sables.

ALL THESE TO SIR HENRY SEYMOUR.—A gown of black velvet, with a curious guard of black satin; a gown of crimson taffeta, faced with busard; a coat and cassock of black velvet, the one wrought with satin, and the other with satin and wreaths; a cape of frizado, guarded upon with velvet, and embroidered upon with russet satin; with other doublets, hoses, caps and shirts.

MR. FOWLER.—A gown of black satin embroidered and lined with gold sarcenet; a cassock of black silk embroidered and lined with gold sarcenet.

MRS. WINFRED FISHER.—A robe of black velvet set with buttons of gold enamelled black and white; a pair of hose, black velvet, laid on with threads of Venice gold.

MR. PHILPOT.—A robe of black velvet, embroidered with tawney satin; with other doublets and hoses.

MR. T. ALLEN.—A doublet of black satin cut.

MR. COLLEY AND MR. THORP.—A shirt wrought with black silk to each.

It is difficult to pronounce a certain opinion upon Surrey's personal character. Dr. Nott and his other biographers have spoken of his merits in a strain of eulogy which, to say the least, is not borne out by the few notices that are preserved of him. That he was accomplished is amply manifested by his works, which also indicate a correct moral taste, since there is not, in the whole of his poems, one word, or an allusion to a single thought, to which the most fastidious person can possibly object. This merit deserves greater praise than it has hitherto re-

ceived, because he is almost the first English versifier who possessed it ; and it is no slight proof of the purity of his mind. Surrey's greatest fault appears to have been a naturally hasty and impetuous temper, which, in a man of exalted rank and great influence, was probably increased by his station exacting deference and submission from the greater part of those with whom he came in contact. In his brief career he was imprisoned no less than three times, and ultimately lost his life from his imprudent conduct ; and the only excuse which can be made for him is, that he was young, and that he was too proud and too ingenuous to conceal what he thought. His conduct towards the Duchess of Norfolk has been already adverted to, and whatever may have been her errors, the son who could, under any circumstances, treat his mother with unkindness has slight claim to be considered an amiable man. Surrey's military talents and his ardent courage do not admit of being questioned, and his veneration for his father tends, in a slight degree, to redeem his behaviour towards his mother. Examples of his zeal for his friends, and of his deep sense of honour, have been adduced in this memoir, and they certainly entitle his memory to respect, whilst his conduct as a husband and a father has never been impeached.

Of the writings of Surrey, and the rank to which he is entitled among the poets of England, the remarks of Puttenham, Warton, Henry, Dr. Nott, Hallam, and D'Israeli, contain all which can be said on the subject. Pope brought

him into notice during the last century by the following passage in the *Windsor Forest*, which occasioned his poems to be immediately reprinted twice:—

“Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,  
Surrey, the Granville of a former age;  
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;  
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:  
In the same shades the Cupids tun’d his lyre,  
To the same notes of love and soft desire;  
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,  
Then fill’d the groves, as heavenly Myra now.”

It is difficult to give extracts from Dr. Nott’s remarks on Surrey’s writings, but the following passages seem to convey all that is material:—

“Surrey perceived that some change in our versification was unavoidable, and he attempted a change, which was conceived, as the event has proved, in a perfect knowledge of the nature and genius of the English language. The change he proposed and effected was this. He substituted for the old rhythmical mode of versification one, as nearly metrical as the nature of any language, which regulates the value of syllables by accent, and not by quantity, will allow. He limited the heroic verse to ten syllables, and these he divided into five equal Iambic feet; for he perceived that the frequent return of the short syllable was necessary to correct that languor and ponderosity which the constant recurrence of monosyllables would otherwise occasion. He was aware, however, that the Iambic measure, though sweet in itself, was liable to become

monotonous and pall upon the ear. He therefore introduced the further refinement of breaking the lines with pauses. The natural place for the pause was at the end of the fourth syllable where the old *cæsura* generally fell; but he varied the situation of his pauses as he found the harmony of the verse required, or as he thought the beauty and effect of the passage would be heightened by it.

“Such was the system of versification introduced by Surrey. Of the correctness of his taste and the justness of his reasoning upon the subject, no further proof need be required than the event. For the laws of English versification, such as they were established by Surrey, have been adopted by our standard writers, with hardly any variation, ever since. At particular times, indeed, a particular taste has for a short season prevailed. Thus in the reign of James, and of Charles the First, quaintness, and a love of antithesis gave a new turn to our versification, and made it abrupt and irregular. But in the two best epochs of our poetry, during the reign of Elizabeth and after the Restoration, those principles of versification alone were observed which Surrey had introduced. An attentive reader will be surprised to find how little was added afterwards by even Dryden or Pope to the system and perfectness of Surrey’s numbers.

“Surrey first rejected the use of those ‘au-  
reate and mellifluate’ terms, which he found  
disfiguring our language with a sort of pre-



scriptive tyranny, and restricted himself to the use of those words alone which were approved by common use, and were natural to the language.

“He next introduced a studied mode of involution in his periods, which gives dignity to what is so expressed, and a certain remoteness from common life, essential to the higher branches of poetic composition. And lastly, he discountenanced altogether the French mode of laying an unnatural stress upon final syllables; he followed the obvious and common pronunciation of our language; carefully avoiding all double terminations, and using only those words for rhyme which were noble and harmonious, and such as the ear might dwell upon with pleasure.

“Such were the improvements made by Surrey in our versification and poetic diction. These alone, had nothing more been effected by him, would have entitled him to the praise of having been the restorer of modern English poetry. But we owe to him further obligations. He first introduced the use of Blank Heroic Verse. In this respect the praise is exclusively his own. In reforming our versification and poetic diction, he had in some degree Chaucer for his guide; and in some degree he was conducted by the bent and genius of our language. When he attempted blank verse he had no guide whatever, as far as we have yet been able to discover, but his own judgment and taste. All writers are agreed that Surrey’s trans-

lation of the Second and Fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneid* is the first specimen of Heroic Blank Verse in our language.

“The leading features of Surrey's style were chiefly dignity and compression. Of his compression, contrasted with the diffusive mode of writing used by all the authors who preceded him, a more striking instance cannot well be found than that which occurs in the opening to his sonnet on Sir Thomas Wyatt's death.

“The reader's observation will enable him easily to collect from Surrey's poems other instances of elegant and nervous compression. I do not recollect a single passage where a thought is needlessly expanded for the sake of filling up a line. Surrey's style bears a stronger resemblance to Dryden's than to that of any other of our poets. The same manliness, and ease, and vigour characterizes both. In neither do we find any affection of prettiness; they seem both to have been more intent on their thoughts than their words; they gave their words, indeed, a full and a due consideration, but, as always ought to be the case, in subserviency to their thoughts.

“It now remains to shew, that I have not laboured to give a higher importance to Surrey's writings, than they in reality possess. But how shall we appreciate his writings too highly, who by a single effort of genius corrected a nation's taste, and shewed them first the way to that perfection in poetry, to which they have since attained? That the great change which in the sixteenth century took place in our national poetry,

was owing chiefly to the influence of Surrey's writings, seems to me incontestable from the general popularity which they obtained immediately upon their appearance: and the studied imitation of them to be traced in all our poets in succession, from Sackville down to Spenser.

"Of the popularity of Surrey's poems, we have a convincing proof in the rapidity with which editions were multiplied. They were first printed in June, 1557. In the course of that and the following month they went through no less than four distinct impressions.<sup>1</sup> They were afterwards reprinted in 1565, in 1567 and in 1569, twice afterwards in 1574, again in 1585, and again in 1587. Besides this, selections from Surrey's poems were printed almost daily, with other popular pieces in single sheets, and in small collections called garlands; by means of which they were made familiar to readers of the lower orders: whilst some of them, as we learn from the books of the Stationers' Company, were moralized; a circumstance which of itself is sufficient to prove their popularity, and extensive circulation.<sup>2</sup> In addition to these facts we are to consider yet further, that Surrey's verses continued to be multiplied in manuscript by many

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Collier says, "There may possibly have been three impressions in 1557; but we are convinced that there were not four." (*Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, ii. 403.)

<sup>2</sup> "Surrey's pleasing little ode, 'When raging love with extreme pain,' which seems to have been a very popular piece, was printed in 1568 by J. Alde, moralized into 'When raging lust,' &c. 'Give place, ye ladies,' &c: was often reprinted as a ballad."

who had not the means of purchasing printed copies; and that they uniformly made part of all the printed miscellanies of those days, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century. It would be difficult to find an instance of any poet in any country whose works were in so short a time more widely circulated. And if so, we might ask, whether it would be possible that writings thus largely diffused, and thus universally admired, should not produce a general and a lasting effect on public taste."



# SONGES AND SONETS

*written by the right honorable*

Lorde Henry Haward late

Earle of Surrey, and

others.

*Apud Richardum Tottell*

1574.

*Cum priuilegio.*





## THE PRINTER TO THE READER. <sup>1</sup>

**T**HAT to have well written in verse, yea, and in small parcels, deserveth great praise, the works of divers Latins, Italians, and others, do prove sufficiently. That our tongue is able in that kind to do as praiseworthily as the rest, the honourable style of the noble Earl of Surrey, and the weightiness of the deep witted Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder's verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers do show abundantly. It resteth now, gentle reader, that thou think it not evil done, to publish, to the honour of the English tongue, and for profit of the studious of English eloquence, those works which the ungente horders up of such treasure have heretofore envied thee. And for this point, good reader, thine own profit and pleasure, in these presently, and in more hereafter, shall answer for my defence. If, perhaps, some mislike the stateliness of style removed from the rude skill of common ears, I ask help of the learned to

<sup>1</sup> This address by Tottel appeared in the first impression of 1557.



defend their learned friends, the authors of this work. And I exhort the unlearned, by reading to learn to be more skilful, and to purge that swine-like grossness, that maketh the sweet marjoram not to smell to their delight.





## SONGS AND SONNETS.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER,

WITH SUIT TO HIS LADY, TO RUE ON HIS  
DYING HEART.



THE sun hath twice brought forth his  
tender green,  
Twice clad the earth in lively lusti-  
ness ;  
Once have the winds the trees de-  
spoiled clean,  
And once again begins their cruelty ;  
Since I have hid under my breast the harm  
That never shall recover healthfulness.  
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm ;  
The parched green restored is with shade ;  
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarm  
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made ?

What cold again is able to restore  
 My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?  
 Alas ! I see nothing hath hurt so sore  
 But Time, in time, reduceth a return :  
 In time my harm increaseth more and more,  
 And seems to have my cure always in scorn.  
 Strange kinds of death, in life that I do try !  
 At hand, to melt ; far off, in flame to burn.  
 And like as time list to my cure apply,  
 So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.  
 All thing alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,  
 With cloak of night may cover, and excuse  
 Itself from travail of the day's unrest,  
 Save I, alas ! against all others use,  
 That then stir up the torments of my breast ;  
 And curse each star as causer of my fate.  
 And when the sun hath eke the dark opprest,  
 And brought the day, it doth nothing abate  
 The travails of mine endless smart and pain.  
 For then, as one that hath the light in hate,  
 I wish for night, more covertly to plain,  
 And me withdraw from every haunted place,  
 Lest by my chere<sup>1</sup> my chance appear to plain.  
 And in my mind I measure pace by pace,  
 To seek the place where I myself had lost,  
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,  
 In seeming slack that knitteth ever most :  
 But never yet the travail of my thought,  
 Of better state, could catch a cause to boast.  
 For if I found, sometime that I have sought,  
 Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,  
 My sails do fall, and I advance right nought ;

<sup>1</sup> Behaviour, looks.

As anchor'd fast, my spirits do all resort  
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more<sup>1</sup>  
 The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.  
 Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!  
 And if I flee, I carry with me still  
 The venom'd shaft, which doth his force restore  
 By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill  
 Unto myself, unless this careful song  
 Print in your heart some parcel of my tene.<sup>2</sup>  
 For I, alas! in silence all too long,  
 Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.  
 Rue on my life; or else your cruel wrong  
 Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

## DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY  
 THE LOVER.



HE soote<sup>3</sup> season, that bud and bloom  
 forth brings,  
 With green hath clad the hill, and  
 eke the vale:

The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
 The turtle to her make<sup>4</sup> hath told her tale;  
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,  
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;

<sup>1</sup> To stand *at gaze* and *suck* in more and more. MSS.  
 cited by Dr. Nott.


<sup>2</sup> i.e. Sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> Sweet.

<sup>4</sup> Mate.

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;  
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;  
 The adder all her slough away she slings ;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The busy bee her honey now she mings ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.<sup>3</sup>  
 And thus I see among these pleasant things  
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

## DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER.


 WHEN youth had led me half the race  
 That Cupid's scourge had made me run ;  
 I looked back to mete the place  
 From whence my weary course begun.

And then I saw how my desire,  
 Misguiding me, had led the way :  
 Mine eyen, too greedy of their hire,  
 Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,  
 And could not cloak my grief with game ;  
 The boiling smoke did still bewray  
 The persaunt<sup>4</sup> heat of secret flame.

<sup>1</sup> Small.

<sup>3</sup> Destruction.

<sup>2</sup> Mingles.

<sup>4</sup> Or, present.

And when salt tears do bain my breast,  
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown ;  
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,  
Ere that the buds were sprong and blown.

And when mine eyen did still pursue  
The flying chase of their request ;  
Their greedy looks did oft renew  
The hidden wound within my breast.

When every look these cheeks might stain,  
From deadly pale to glowing red ;  
By outward signs appeared plain,  
The woe wherein my heart was fed.<sup>1</sup>


But all too late Love learneth me  
To paint all kind of colours new ;  
To blind their eyes that else should see  
My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

And now the covert breast I claim,  
That worshipp'd Cupid secretly ;  
And nourished his sacred flame,  
From whence no blazing sparks do fly.

<sup>1</sup> Some editions read :—

“ To her for help my heart was fled.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFEC-  
TIONS, PANGS, AND SLIGHTS  
OF LOVE.

UCH wayward ways hath Love, that most  
part in discord  
Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts  
but seldom do accord.  
Deceit is his delight, and to beguile and mock  
The simple hearts, whom he doth strike with fro-  
ward, diverse stroke.  
He causeth the one to rage with golden burning  
dart ;  
And doth allay with leaden cold again the other's  
heart.  
Hot gleams of burning fire, and easy sparks of  
flame,  
In balance of unequal weight he pondereth by aim.  
From easy ford, where I might wade and pass full  
well,  
He me withdraws, and doth me drive into a deep  
dark hell ;  
And me withholds where I am call'd and offer'd  
place,  
And wills me that my mortal foe I do beseech of  
grace ;  
He lets me to pursue a conquest well near won,  
To follow where my pains were lost, ere that my  
suit begun.



So by this means I know how soon a heart may  
turn

From war to peace, from truce to strife, and so  
again return.

I know how to content myself in others lust ;  
Of little stuff unto myself to weave a web of trust ;  
And how to hide my harms with soft dissembling  
chere,

When in my face the painted thoughts would out-  
wardly appear.

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for  
dread ;

And how by shame it stains again the cheeks with  
flaming red.

I know under the green, the serpent how he lurks ;  
The hammer of the restless forge I wot eke how it  
works.

I know, and can by rote the tale that I would tell ;  
But oft the words come forth awry of him that  
loveth well.

I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes ;  
In singing how he doth complain ; in sleeping how  
he wakes.

To languish without ache, sickless for to consume,  
A thousand things for to devise, resolving all in  
fume.

And though he list to see his lady's grace full sore ;  
Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his health  
restore.

I know to seek the track of my desired foe,  
And fear to find that I do seek. But chiefly this  
I know,

That lovers must transform into the thing beloved,

And live, (alas ! who could believe ?) with sprite  
from life removed.

I know in hearty sighs, and laughters of the spleen,  
At once to change my state, my will, and eke my  
colour clean.

I know how to deceive myself with others help ;  
And how the lion chastised is, by beating of the  
whelp.

In standing near my fire, I know how that I freeze ;  
Far off I burn ; in both I waste, and so my life I  
lese.

I know how love doth rage upon a yielding mind ;  
How small a net may take, and meash a heart of  
gentle kind :

Or else with seldom sweet to season heaps of gall ;  
Revived with a glimpse of grace, old sorrows to  
let fall.


The hidden trains I know, and secret snares of love ;  
How soon a look will print a thought, that never  
may remove.

The slipper state I know, the sudden turns from  
wealth,

The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure des-  
pair of health.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER THAT DEFIED  
LOVE,

AND WAS BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

HEN summer took in hand the winter  
to assail,  
With force of might, and virtue great,  
his stormy blasts to quail:  
And when he clothed fair the earth about with  
green,  
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was  
to seen:  
Mine heart gan new revive, and changed blood  
did stir,  
Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within  
the dore.<sup>1</sup>  
'Abroad,' quoth my desire, 'assay to set thy foot;  
Where thou shalt find the savour sweet; for  
sprong is every root.  
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,  
Nothing more good than in the spring the air to  
feel a space.  
There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds  
y-wrought,  
Well tune their voice with warble small, as nature  
hath them taught.'  
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to  
leave,

<sup>1</sup> Door.

And for my health I thought it best such counsel  
to receive.

So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,  
I went to prove how well it would my heavy bur-  
den light.

And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,  
Lord ! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten  
out.

There might I see how Ver<sup>1</sup> had every blossom  
hent,<sup>2</sup>

And eke the new betrothed birds, y-coupled how  
they went ;

And in their songs, methought, they thanked  
Nature much,

That by her license all that year to love, their hap  
was such,

Right as they could devise to choose them feres<sup>3</sup>  
throughout :

With much rejoicing to their Lord, thus flew they  
all about.

Which when I gan resolve, and in my head con-  
ceive,

What pleasant life, what heaps of joy, these little  
birds receive ;

And saw in what estate I, weary man, was wrought,  
By want of that, they had at will, and I reject at  
nought ;

Lord ! how I gan in wrath unwisely me demean !  
I cursed Love, and him defied ; I thought to turn  
the stream.

<sup>1</sup> Spring.

<sup>2</sup> Taken hold of, i.e. brought out every blossom.

<sup>3</sup> Companions, mates.

But when I well beheld, he had me under awe,  
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest his  
law!

‘Thou blinded god,’ quoth I, ‘forgive me this  
offence,

Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.’  
Wherewith he gave a beck, and thus methought  
he swore :

‘Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it  
were more.’

The virtue of which sound mine heart did so  
revive,

That I, methought, was made as whole as any man  
alive.

But here I may perceive mine error, all and some,  
For that I thought that so it was ; yet was it still  
undone ;

And all that was no more but mine impressed mind,  
That fain would have some good relief, of Cupid  
well assign’d.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it well,  
That he aggrieved was right sore with me for my  
rebel.

My harms have ever since increased more and  
more,

And I remain, without his help, undone for ever-  
more.

A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all ;  
Strive not with Love ; for if ye do, it will ye thus  
befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.<sup>1</sup>

**L**OVE, that liveth and reigneth in my  
 thought,  
 That built his seat within my captive  
 breast ;

Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,  
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.

She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain ;

My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire

With shamefast cloak to shadow and restrain,

Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.

And coward Love then to the heart apace

Taketh his flight ; whereas he lurks, and plains

His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.

For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.

Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove :

Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

## COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

**I**N Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus  
 dwelt,  
 A well so hot, that whoso tastes the  
 same,

Were he of stone, as thawed ice should melt,

<sup>1</sup> Translated from Petrarch, part i, sonnet 109. Wyatt also translated it : see his Poems, p. 1.

And kindled find his breast with fired flame ;  
 Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.  
 This creeping fire my cold limbs so opprest,  
 That in the heart that harbour'd freedom late,  
 Endless despair long thralldom hath imprest.  
 Another so cold in frozen ice is found,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,  
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,  
 And with the spot of change infects the mind ;  
     Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain :  
     My service thus is grown into disdain.<sup>2</sup>

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE  
 GERALDINE.

**F**ROM Tuscan came my Lady's worthy  
     race ;  
 Fair Florence was sometime her<sup>3</sup> an-  
     cient seat :  
 The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat :  
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast :  
 Her sire an Earl ; her dame of Princes blood.  
 From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,  
 With Kings child ; where she tasteth costly<sup>4</sup> food.

<sup>1</sup> Another well of frozen ice is found.—*Nott.*

<sup>2</sup> Whereby my service grows into disdain.—*Nott.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Their.

<sup>4</sup> Ghostly, in some printed copies.



Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :  
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.  
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;  
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.  
     Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;  
     Happy is he that can obtain her love !

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF  
 BEAUTY.<sup>1</sup>

**B**RITTLE beauty, that Nature made so  
     frail,  
 Whereof the gift is small, and short  
     the season ;  
 Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail ;  
 Tickle treasure, abhorred of reason :  
 Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail ;  
 Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail ;  
 Hard to attain, once gotten, not geason :<sup>3</sup>  
 Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail ;  
 False and untrue, enticed oft to treason ;  
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail ;  
 Ah ! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,  
     Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken ;  
     To day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

<sup>1</sup> In the Harrington MS. this poem is attributed to Lord Vaux.

<sup>2</sup> Two pease.

<sup>3</sup> Rare, or uncommon.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER  
NOT BELOVED.



LAS! so all things now do hold their  
peace!

Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;  
The beasts, the air, the birds their song  
do cease,

The night's ear<sup>1</sup> the stars about doth bring.  
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less:  
So am not I, whom love, alas! doth wring,  
Bringing before my face the great increase  
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,  
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case.  
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;  
But by and by, the cause of my disease  
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,  
When that I think what grief it is again,  
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER IN  
SPRING, REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.



WHEN Windsor walls sustain'd my  
wearied arm;

My hand my chin, to ease my rest-  
less head;

The pleasant plot revested green with warm;

<sup>1</sup> Chare.



In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;  
 'Thrall,<sup>1</sup> or at large, alive whereso I dwell,  
 Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,  
     Her's will I be; and only with this thought  
 Content myself, although my chance be nought.

## COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY,

AFTER SHE KNEW HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE  
 ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM HIM.



NEVER saw my Lady lay apart  
 Her cornet<sup>2</sup> black, in cold nor yet in  
     heat,  
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown  
     so great;


Which other fancies driveth from my heart,  
 That to myself I do the thought reserve,  
 The which unwares did wound my woful breast;  
 But on her face mine eyes might never rest;  
 Yet, since she knew I did her love and serve,  
 Her golden tresses clad alway with black,  
 Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,  
 And that restrains which I desire so sore.  
 So doth this cornet govern me, alack!

In summer, sun, in winter's breath, a frost;  
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

<sup>1</sup> In bondage.

<sup>2</sup> A head dress, with a hood or veil attached to it.


REQUEST TO HIS LOVE TO JOIN BOUNTY  
WITH BEAUTY.

 HE golden gift that Nature did thee  
give,  
To fasten friends, and feed them at thy  
will,  
With form and favour, taught me to believe,  
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.  
Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,  
But lively domes <sup>1</sup> might gather at the first  
Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown,  
Of other graces follow needs there must.  
Now certes, Garret, <sup>2</sup> since all this is true,  
That from above thy gifts are thus elect,  
Do not deface them then with fancies new;  
Nor change of minds, let not thy mind infect:  
But mercy him thy friend that doth thee serve,  
Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

<sup>1</sup> Judgments, or opinions.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Nott observes, "The first quarto and all the other editions, except the second and third quartos, read 'Now certes, Lady.' Why the genuine reading given in the text should have ever been suppressed it is difficult to say. The Fitz-Gerald family almost always wrote their name Garret. The Fair Geraldine, when attending on the Princess Mary, was always called Garret: and she herself in her Will designates her sister, the Lady Margaret Fitz-Gerald, 'The Lady Margaret Garret.'"

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH  
HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

 O cruel prison how could betide, alas,  
As proud Windsor? where I, in lust  
and joy,  
With a King's son, my childish years  
did pass,

In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.  
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.  
The large green courts, where we were wont to  
hove,<sup>1</sup>

With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,  
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.  
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.  
The dances short, long tales of great delight ;  
With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;  
Where each of us did plead the other's right.  
The palme-play,<sup>2</sup> where, despoiled for the game,  
With dazzled eyes oft we by gleams of love  
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.  
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,  
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts ;  
With chere, as though one should another whelm,  
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.  
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,  
In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,  
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.

<sup>1</sup> Hover.<sup>2</sup> Tennis-court.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound  
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;  
Recording oft what grace each one had found,  
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.  
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green ;  
With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,  
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,  
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.  
The wide vales <sup>1</sup> eke, that harbour'd us each night :  
Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast  
The sweet accord : such sleeps as yet delight :  
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;  
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust ;  
The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;  
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,  
Wherewith we past the winter night away.  
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face ;  
The tears berain <sup>2</sup> my cheeks of deadly hue :  
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !  
Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew :  
' O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !  
Give me account, where is my noble fere ? <sup>3</sup>  
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose ;  
To other lief ; <sup>4</sup> but unto me most dear.'  
Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,  
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.  
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,  
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint :  
And with remembrance of the greater grief,  
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

<sup>1</sup> According to Dr. Nott, this line in the Harrington MS. reads thus,

The *void walls* eke, that harbour'd us each night.

<sup>2</sup> Bedew, as with rain.      <sup>3</sup> Companion.      <sup>4</sup> Endeared.



THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH  
THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

**W**HEN raging love with extreme pain  
Most cruelly distrains my heart ;  
When that my tears, as floods of rain,  
Bear witness of my woful smart ;  
When sighs have wasted so my breath  
That I lie at the point of death :

I call to mind the navy great  
That the Greeks brought to Troyè town :  
And how the boisterous winds did beat  
Their ships, and rent their sails adown ;  
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood  
Appeas'd the gods that them withstood.

And how that in those ten years war  
Full many a bloody deed was done ;  
And many a lord that came full far,  
There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;  
And many a good knight overrun,  
Before the Greeks had Helen won.

Then think I thus : ‘ Sith such repair,  
So long time war of valiant men,  
Was all to win a lady fair,  
Shall I not learn to suffer then ?

And think my life well spent to be,  
Serving a worthier wight than she ?'

Therefore I never will repent,  
But pains contented still endure ;  
For like as when, rough winter spent,  
The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure ;<sup>1</sup>  
So after raging storms of care,  
Joyful at length may be my fare.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER  
LOVER BEING UPON THE SEA.



HAPPY dames ! that may embrace  
The fruit of your delight ;  
Help to bewail the woful case,  
And eke the heavy plight  
Of me, that wonted to rejoice  
The fortune of my pleasant choice :  
Good ladies ! help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with remembrance  
Of thoughts and pleasures past,  
He sails that hath in governance  
My life, while it will last ;  
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,  
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,  
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

<sup>1</sup> In use.

Alas ! how oft in dreams I see  
Those eyes that were my food ;  
Which sometime so delighted me,  
That yet they do me good :  
Wherewith I wake with his return,  
Whose absent flame did make me burn :  
But when I find the lack, Lord ! how I mourn.

When other lovers in arms across,  
Rejoice their chief delight ;  
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,  
I stand the bitter night  
In my window, where I may see  
Before the winds how the clouds flee :  
Lo ! what mariner love hath made me.

And in green waves, when the salt flood  
Doth rise by rage of wind ;  
A thousand fancies in that mood  
Assail my restless mind.  
Alas ! now drencheth<sup>1</sup> my sweet foe,  
That with the spoil of my heart did go,  
And left me ; but, alas ! why did he so ?

And when the seas wax calm again,  
To chase from me annoy,  
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain ;  
So dread cuts off my joy.  
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,  
And of each thought a doubt doth grow ;  
Now he comes ! will he come ? alas ! no, no !

<sup>1</sup> Is drowned.

## COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOVER

REFUSED UPON HIS LADY'S UNJUST MISTAKING OF  
HIS WRITING.



W<sup>hen</sup> winter's just return, when Boreas gan  
his reign,  
And every tree unclothed fast, as na-  
ture taught them plain :  
In misty morning dark, as sheep are then in hold,  
I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to unfold.  
And as it is a thing that lovers have by fits,  
Under a palm I heard one cry as he had lost his  
wits.  
Whose voice did ring so shrill in uttering of his  
plaint,  
That I amazed was to hear how love could him  
attaint.  
'Ah! wretched man,' quoth he ; 'come, death,  
and rid this woe ;  
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee  
so.  
Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without  
redress ;  
If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had been  
the less.'  
And rechless of his life, he gan both sigh and groan :  
A rueful thing me thought it was, to hear him  
make such moan.

'Thou cursed pen, said he, 'woe-worth the bird  
thee bare ;

The man, the knife, and all that made thee, woe  
be to their share :

Woe-worth the time and place where I so could  
indite ;

And woe be it yet once again, the pen that so can  
write.

Unhappy hand ! it had been happy time for me,  
If when to write thou learned first, unjointed  
hadst thou be.'

Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,  
Save her alone whom love him bound to serve  
both day and night.

Which when I heard, and saw how he himself  
for-did ;<sup>1</sup>

Against the ground with bloody strokes, himself  
e'en there to rid ;

Had been my heart of flint, it must have melted  
tho' ;

For in my life I never saw a man so full of woe.  
With tears, for his redress, I rashly to him ran,  
And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I  
spake him than :

'What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy  
case

Torments thyself with such despite, here in this  
desart place ?'

Wherewith, as all aghast, fulfill'd with ire and  
dread,

He cast on me a staring look, with colour pale and  
dead :

<sup>1</sup> Destroy.

'Nay, what art thou,' quoth he, 'that in this heavy  
plight

Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life  
hath in despite?'

'I am,' quoth I, 'but poor, and simple in degree;  
A shepherd's charge I have in hand, unworthy  
though I be.'

With that he gave a sigh, as though the sky should  
fall,

And loud, alas! he shrieked oft, and, 'Shepherd,'  
gan he call,

'Come, hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy  
heart,

So thou shalt know, and I shall tell thee, guiltless  
how I smart.'

His back against the tree sore feeble all with faint,  
With weary sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he  
told his plaint:

'Once in my heart,' quoth he, 'it chanced me to  
love

Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her  
cunning for to prove.

And sure I cannot say, but many years were spent,  
With such good will so recompens'd, as both we  
were content.

Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,  
The sun should run his course awry, ere we this  
faith forego.

Who joyed then but I? who had this world's bliss?  
Who might compare a life to mine, that never  
thought on this?

But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,  
Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy.

She is reversed clean, and beareth me in hand,  
That my deserts have given cause to break this  
faithful band :

And for my just excuse availeth no defence.  
Now knowest thou all ; I can no more ; but, Shep-  
herd, hie thee hence,

And give him leave to die, that may no longer live :  
Whose record, lo ! I claim to have, my death I do  
forgive.

And eke when I am gone, be bold to speak it plain,  
Thou hast seen die the truest man that ever love  
did pain.'

Wherewith he turned him round, and gasping oft  
for breath,

Into his arms a tree he raught, and said : ' Wel-  
come my death !

Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me  
Than should, without her love to live, an emperor  
to be.'

Thus in this woful state he yielded up the ghost ;  
And little knoweth his lady, what a lover she hath  
lost.

Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right  
For pity though my heart did bleed, to see so  
piteous sight.

My blood from heat to cold oft changed wonders  
sore ;

A thousand troubles there I found I never knew  
before :

'Tween dread and dolour so my sprites were brought  
in fear,

That long it was ere I could call to mind what I  
did there.



But as each thing hath end, so had these pains of  
mine :

The furies past, and I my wits restor'd by length  
of time.

Then, as I could devise, to seek I thought it best  
Where I might find some worthy place for such a  
corse to rest.

And in my mind it came, from thence not far away,  
Where Cressid's love, king Priam's son, the wor-  
thy Troilus lay.

By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,  
And, as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.  
Whose soul by angels' power departed not so soon,  
But to the heavens, lo ! it fled, for to receive his  
doom.

### COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER, BEING UPON THE SEA.



GOOD ladies ! ye that have your pleasures  
in exile,

Step in your foot, come, take a place,  
and mourn with me awhile :

And such as by their lords do set but little price,  
Let them sit still, it skills them not what chance  
come on the dice.

But ye whom Love hath bound, by order of desire,  
To love your lords, whose good deserts none other  
would require ;

Come ye yet once again, and set your foot by mine,

Whose woful plight, and sorrows great, no tongue  
may well define.

My love and lord, alas! in whom consists my  
wealth,

Hath fortune sent to pass the seas, in hazard of  
his health.

Whom I was wont t'embrace with well contented  
mind,

Is now amid the foaming floods at pleasure of the  
wind.

Where God well him preserve, and soon him home  
me send;

Without which hope my life, alas! were shortly  
at an end.

Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell  
me plain,

With short return he comes anon, yet ceaseth not  
my pain.

The fearful dreams I have ofttimes do grieve me  
so,

That when I wake, I lie in doubt, where they be  
true or no.

Sometime the roaring seas, me seems, do grow so  
high,

That my dear lord, ay me! alas! methinks I see  
him die.

Another time the same doth tell me, he is come,  
And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair  
little son.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the copy printed by Dr. Nott from the Harrington MS. this line stands,

“ And playing, where I shall him find with T. his little son.”  
which induces that writer to observe: “ This proves the piece

So forth I go apace to see that liefsome sight,  
And with a kiss, methinks I say, 'Welcome, my  
    lord, my knight ;  
Welcome, my sweet ; alas ! the stay of my welfare ;  
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me  
    and my care.'  
Then lively doth he look, and salueth me again,  
And saith, ' My dear, how is it now that you have  
    all this pain ?'  
Wherewith the heavy cares, that heap'd are in my  
    breast,  
Break forth and me dischargen clean, of all my  
    huge unrest.  
But when I me awake, and find it but a dream,  
The anguish of my former woe beginneth more  
    extreme ;  
And me tormenteth so that unneath<sup>1</sup> may I find  
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing  
    of my mind.  
Thus every way you see, with absence how I burn ;  
And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of  
    good return :  
Save when I think, by sour how sweet is felt the  
    more,  
It doth abate some of my pains, that I abode before.  
And then unto myself I say : ' When we shall  
    meet,

to have been written, not as an exercise of fancy, but for some existing person." If this conjecture be correct, the Complainant may have been intended for Lady Surrey, and " T. his little son," for *Thomas* her eldest son, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>1</sup> With difficulty.


But little while shall seem this pain ; the joy shall  
be so sweet.'

Ye winds, I you conjure, in chiefest of your rage,  
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorrows to  
assuage.

And that I may not long abide in this excess,  
Do your good will to cure a wight, that liveth in  
distress.

### A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE  
THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

IVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;  
My Lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candle light,  
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair ;  
For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were :  
And virtues hath she many more  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,

When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint :  
With wringing hands, how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss, by law of kind,  
That could have gone so near her heart ;  
And this was chiefly all her pain :  
' She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought ;  
In faith, methink ! some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.


TO HIS MISTRESS.<sup>1</sup>

**I**F he that erst the form so lively drew  
Of Venus' face, triumph'd in painter's  
art ;

Thy Father then what glory did ensue,  
By whose pencil a Goddess made thou art.  
Touched with flame that figure made some rue,  
And with her love surprised many a heart.  
There lack'd yet that should cure their hot desire :  
Thou canst inflame and quench the kindled fire.

<sup>1</sup> Printed for the first time by Dr. Nott, from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Hill.

TO THE LADY THAT SCORNE<sup>d</sup> HER  
LOVER.

LTHOUGH I had a check,  
To give the mate is hard ;  
For I have found a neck,<sup>1</sup>  
To keep my men in guard.

And you that hardy are,  
To give so great assay  
Unto a man of war,  
To drive his men away ;

I rede<sup>2</sup> you take good heed,  
And mark this foolish verse ;  
For I will so provide,  
That I will have your ferse.<sup>3</sup>  
And when your ferse is had,  
And all your war is done ;  
Then shall yourself be glad  
To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win  
Your person in the field ;  
Too late then come you in  
Yourself to me to yield.  
For I will use my power,  
As captain full of might ;  
And such I will devour,  
As use to shew me spite.

<sup>1</sup> A nook.

<sup>2</sup> Counsel, advice.

<sup>3</sup> The Queen at Chess.

And for because you gave  
 Me check in such degree ;  
 This vantage, lo ! I have,  
 Now check, and guard to thee.  
 Defend it if thou may ;  
 Stand stiff in thine estate :  
 For sure I will assay,  
 If I can give thee mate.

A WARNING TO THE LOVER, HOW HE IS  
 ABUSED BY HIS LOVE.



OO dearly had I bought my green and  
 youthful years,  
 If in mine age I could not find when  
 craft for love appears.  
 And seldom though I come in court among the  
 rest,  
 Yet can I judge in colours dim, as deep as can the  
 best.  
 Where grief torments the man that suff'reth secret  
 smart,  
 To break it forth unto some friend, it caseth well  
 the heart.  
 So stands it now with me, for, my beloved friend,  
 This case is thine, for whom I feel such torment  
 of my mind.  
 And for thy sake I burn so in my secret breast,  
 That till thou know my whole disease, my heart  
 can have no rest,



I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wits,  
That all it yields to thy desire, and follows thee  
by fits.

Where thou hast loved so long, with heart, and all  
thy power,

I see thee fed with feigned words, thy freedom to  
devour :

I know (though she say nay, and would it well  
withstand)

When in her grace thou held thee most, she bare  
thee but in hand.

I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suit ;  
When thou art gone, I see him come that gathers  
up the fruit.

And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree  
Of him to whom she gave the heart, that promised  
was to thee.

I see, (what would you more,) stood never man so  
sure

On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it  
to endure.



THE FORSAKEN LOVER DESCRIBETH AND  
FORSAKETH LOVE.



LOATHSOME place ! where I  
Have seen, and heard my dear ;  
When in my heart her eye  
Hath made her thought appear,

By glimpsing with such grace,—  
As fortune it ne would  
That lasten any space,  
Between us longer should.


As fortune did advance  
To further my desire ;  
Even so hath fortune's chance  
Thrown all amidst the mire.  
And that I have deserved,  
With true and faithful heart,  
Is to his hands reserved,  
That never felt the smart.

But happy is that man  
That scaped hath the grief,  
That love well teach him can,  
By wanting his relief.  
A scourge to quiet minds  
It is, who taketh heed ;  
A common plage that binds ;  
A travail without meed.

This gift it hath also :  
 Whoso enjoys it most,  
 A thousand troubles grow,  
 To vex his wearied ghost.  
 And last it may not long ;  
 The truest thing of all :  
 And sure the greatest wrong,  
 That is within this thrall.

But since thou, desert place,  
 Canst give me no account  
 Of my desired grace,  
 That I to have was wont ;  
 Farewell ! thou hast me taught,  
 To think me not the first  
 That love hath set aloft,  
 And casten in the dust.

## THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS REST- LESS STATE.<sup>1</sup>

S oft as I behold, and see  
 The sovereign beauty that me bound ;  
 The nigher my comfort is to me,  
 Alas ! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,  
 And running streams consume by rain ;

<sup>1</sup> The 3rd, 6th, and 8th stanzas do not occur in Tottel's collection, but were supplied by Dr. Nott from a copy in the "Nugæ Antiquæ."

So doth the sight that I desire  
Appease my grief, and deadly pain.

Like as the fly that seeth the flame,  
And thinks to play her in the fire ;  
That found her woe, and sought her game  
Where grief did grow by her desire.

First when I saw those crystal streams,  
Whose beauty made my mortal wound ;  
I little thought within their beams  
So sweet a venom to have found.

But wilful will did prick me forth,  
And blind Cupid did whip and guide ;  
Force made me take my grief in worth ;<sup>1</sup>  
My fruitless hope my harm did hide ;

Wherein is hid the cruel bit,  
Whose sharp repulse none can resist ;  
And eke the spur that strains each wit  
To run the race against his list.


As cruel waves full oft be found  
Against the rocks to roar and cry ;  
So doth my heart full oft rebound  
Against my breast full bitterly.

And as the spider draws her line,  
With labour lost I frame my suit ;  
The fault is her's, the loss is mine :  
Of ill sown seed, such is the fruit.

<sup>1</sup> Patiently.

I fall, and see mine own decay ;  
 As he that bears flame in his breast,  
 Forgets for pain to cast away  
 The thing that breedeth his unrest.<sup>1</sup>

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF  
 SUSPECTED CHANGE.

HOUGH I regarded not  
 The promise made by me ;  
 Or passed not to spot  
 My faith and honesty :

Yet were my fancy strange,  
 And wilful will to wite,<sup>2</sup>  
 If I sought now to change  
 A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise  
 My wit and enterprise,  
 If I esteemed a pese <sup>3</sup>  
 Above a pearl in price :  
 Or judged the owl in sight  
 The sparhawk to excel ;

<sup>1</sup> In Tottel's collection this stanza is thus printed—

I fall and see mine own decay,  
 As one that bears flame in his breast ;  
 Forgets in pain to put away  
 The thing that breedeth mine unrest.

<sup>2</sup> To censure.

<sup>3</sup> A pea.

Which flieth but in the night,  
As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to sail  
Into the brittle port,  
Where anchor hold doth fail  
To such as do resort;  
And leave the haven sure,  
Where blows no blustering wind;  
Nor fickleness in ure,<sup>1</sup>  
So far-forth as I find.

No! think me not so light,  
Nor of so churlish kind,  
Though it lay in my might  
My bondage to unbind,  
That I would leave the hind  
To hunt the gander's foe.<sup>2</sup>  
No! no! I have no mind  
To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all;  
For think, it may not be  
That I should seek to fall  
From my felicity.  
Desirous for to win,  
And loth for to forego;  
Or new change to begin;  
How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot freeze,  
For it is not his kind;

<sup>1</sup> Practise.

<sup>2</sup> The fox.

Nor true love cannot lese<sup>1</sup>  
 The constance of the mind.  
 Yet as soon shall the fire  
 Want heat to blaze and burn ;  
 As I, in such desire,  
 Have once a thought to turn.

## A CARELESS MAN

SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF  
 WOMEN TOWARD THEIR LOVERS.



WRAPT in my careless cloak, as I walk  
 to and fro,  
 I see how Love can shew what force  
 there reigneth in his bow :  
 And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound ;  
 And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt  
 is found.  
 For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike ;  
 The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far  
 to seek.  
 All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh me  
 How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the  
 other free.  
 I see that wounded wight that suff'reth all this  
 wrong,  
 How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all  
 too long.

<sup>1</sup> Lese.

In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,  
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look  
by stealth,  
As though it seem'd ; ' I wis, I will not lose thee  
so :'  
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never  
truly grow.  
Then say I thus : ' Alas ! that man is far from bliss,  
That doth receive for his relief none other gain  
but this.'  
And she, that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,  
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can  
reign.  
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks,  
that he,  
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.  
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace,  
And smileth, lo ! as though she would forthwith  
the man embrace.  
But when the proof is made to try such looks withal,  
He findeth then the place all void, and freighted  
full of gall.  
Lord ! what abuse is this ; who can such women  
praise,  
That for their glory do devise to use such crafty  
ways ?  
I, that among the rest do sit and mark the row,  
Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty  
mo' :  
Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so well are  
sped,  
What will she do when hoary hairs are powder'd  
in her head ?



AN ANSWER IN THE BEHALF OF A  
WOMAN.OF AN UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.<sup>1</sup>IRT in my guiltless gown, as I sit here  
and sow,I see that things are not in deed, as to  
the outward show.And who so list to look and note things somewhat  
near,Shall find where plainness seems to haunt, nothing  
but craft appear.For with indifferent eyes myself can well discern,  
How some to guide a ship in storms stick not<sup>2</sup> to  
take the stern ;Whose skill and courage tried<sup>3</sup> in calm to steer a  
barge,They would soon shew, you should foresee,<sup>4</sup> it were  
too great a charge.

And some I see again sit still and say but small,

<sup>1</sup> This poem was printed as in the text by Dr. Nott, from the Harrington MS., which alone contains the last eighteen lines. The variations between that copy and the printed editions are pointed out in the notes. The remark in Tottel's Collection that it was by "an uncertain author" justifies a doubt whether it was written by Surrey. It is there entitled "Of the Dissembling Lover."

<sup>2</sup> seek for.

<sup>3</sup> Whose practice if were proved.

<sup>4</sup> Assuredly believe it well.

That can <sup>1</sup> do ten times more than they that say  
they can do all.  
Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they un-  
derstand,  
The more they seek to learn and know, and take  
less charge in hand.  
And to declare more plain, the time flits not so  
fast,  
But I can bear right <sup>2</sup> well in mind the song now  
sung, and past ;  
The author whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloak,  
In <sup>3</sup> will to force a flaming fire where he could  
raise no smoke.  
If power and will had met, <sup>4</sup> as it appeareth plain,  
The <sup>5</sup> truth nor right had ta'en no place ; their  
virtues had been vain.  
So that you may perceive, and I may safely see,  
The innocent that guiltless is, condemned should  
have be.  
Much like untruth to this the story doth declare,  
Where the Elders laid to Susan's charge meet  
matter to compare.  
They did her both accuse, and eke condemn her  
too,  
And yet no reason, right, nor truth, did lead them  
so to do !  
And she thus judg'd to die, toward her death went  
forth,  
Fraughted with faith, a patient pace, taking her  
wrong in worth.  
But He that doth defend all those that in him trust,

<sup>1</sup> could<sup>2</sup> full.<sup>3</sup> With.<sup>4</sup> join'd.<sup>5</sup> Then.

Did raise a child for her defence to shield her from  
th' unjust.  
And Daniel chosen was then of his wrong to  
weet,  
How, in what place, and eke with whom she did  
this crime commit.  
He caused the Elders part the one from th' other's  
sight,  
And did examine one by one, and charg'd them  
both say right.  
'Under a mulberry tree it was ;' first said the one.  
The next named a pomegranate tree, whereby the  
truth was known.  
Then Susan was discharg'd, and they condemn'd  
to die,  
As right requir'd, and they deserv'd, that fram'd  
so foul a lie.  
And He that her preserv'd, and lett them of their  
lust,  
Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still I trust.

## THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.



SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth  
Wherein I reigned, by the sight  
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth  
With sour, sweet, dread, and delight ;  
Let not my grief move you to moan,  
For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Borcas' reign,<sup>1</sup>  
Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,  
When hills were spread, and every plain  
With stormy winter's mantle white;  
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,  
When others froze, then did I sweat.


And now, though on the sun I drive,  
Whose fervent flame all things decays;  
His beams in brightness may not strive  
With light of your sweet golden rays;  
Nor from my breast this heat remove  
The frozen thoughts, graven by Love.

Ne may the waves of the salt flood  
Quench that your beauty set on fire;  
For though mine eyes forbear the food,  
That did relieve the hot desire;  
Such as I was, such will I be;  
Your own; what would ye more of me?

<sup>1</sup> Her anger drove me into a colder climate

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF  
SURREY,

OF A LADY THAT REFUSED TO DANCE WITH HIM.<sup>1</sup>

ACH beast can choose his fere accord-  
ing to his mind,  
And eke can shew a friendly chere,  
like to their beastly kind.

A Lion saw I late, as white as any snow,  
Which seemed well to lead the race, his port the  
same did show.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,  
For still me thought he seemed well of noble blood  
to be.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Nott's remark on this piece, "That it is valuable from the circumstance of its preserving an account of a quarrel between Surrey and the fair Geraldine, which, as we hear nothing of any reconciliation afterwards, was the occasion probably of his renouncing his ill-fated passion," is an amusing instance of first imagining a fact, and then making every circumstance support it. The learned editor, as in most other instances, assumes that Geraldine was the subject of the poem, without a shadow of evidence; and gratuitously gives it this title—"Surrey renounces all affection for the fair Geraldine," whereas, in all the printed editions, it bears the title assigned to it in the text. There is no doubt that Surrey personated himself by the "White Lion," which was one of the badges (and not the arms, as Dr. Nott asserts) of the house of Howard, derived from their descent from the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk. The word "pranceth" in line 7, alluded to the position "rampant" of the animal, and

And as he pranced before, still seeking for a make,  
As who would say, 'There is none here, I trow,  
will me forsake.'

I might perceive a Wolf as white as whalèsbone;  
A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none;  
Save that her looks were coy, and froward eke her  
grace :

Unto the which this gentle beast 'gan him advance  
apace.

And with a beck full low he bowed at her feet,  
In humble wise, as who would say, 'I am too far  
unmeet.'

But such a scornful chere, wherewith she him re-  
warded !

Was never seen, I trow, the like, to such as well  
deserved.

With that she start aside well near a foot or twain,  
And unto him thus 'gan she say, with spite and  
great disdain :

perhaps a playful reference was intended to Surrey's invitation to the lady to *dance*. But there is not any reason to presume that by the *Wolf* the fair Geraldine was intended, though it is almost certain that the family of the lady adverted to bore that animal on their standards, or in their arms. Dr. Nott has cited a MS. in the Museum to prove that the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Kildare, used a Wolf as their crest, but this is unsupported by any other authority, and Drayton, with more probability, says, that the lady meant by the "Wolf," was Ann, the daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, who became the wife of the Protector Somerset. The Stanhope family once used a Wolf as their crest, in consequence of their descent from Maulovel, and a Wolf is still one of the supporters of the Earls of Chesterfield, Stanhope, and Harrington. See Collins' Peerage, ed. 1779, iii. 301, 302. It is proper to add, that the family of Arundell of Lanhearne, in Cornwall, bore a white wolf as a badge.

‘Lion,’ she said, ‘if thou hadst known my mind  
before,  
Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy  
pain for-lore.  
Do way ! I let thee weet,<sup>1</sup> thou shalt not play with  
me :  
Go range about, where thou mayst find some  
meeter fere for thee.’  
With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame ;  
I might perceive his noble heart much moved by  
the same.  
Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his wrath assuage,  
And unto her thus ’gan he say, when he was past  
his rage :  
‘Cruel ! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light ;  
Without desert for my good will to shew me such  
despite.  
How can ye thus intreat a Lion of the race,  
That with his paws a crowned king devoured in  
the place.<sup>2</sup>  
Whose nature is to prey upon no simple food,  
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of  
noble blood.  
If you be fair and fresh, am I not of your hue ?<sup>3</sup>  
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is  
not untrue.

<sup>1</sup> I let thee know.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently an allusion to the defeat and death of James the Fourth at Flodden Field, by Thomas, then Earl of Surrey, the Poet’s grandfather.

<sup>3</sup> Query, is it to be understood by this line that Surrey was related to the lady, or did he only mean that his lion was of the same hue as her wolf ?

For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,  
Sith that for love one of the race did end his life  
in woe,

In tower strong and high, for his assured truth,  
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas ! the  
more the ruth.

This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could  
remove,

But willingly to lese his life for loss of his true  
love.<sup>1</sup>

Other there be whose lives do linger still in pain,  
Against their wills preserved are, that would have  
died fain.

But now I do perceive that nought it moveth you,  
My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind  
so true.

But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Nott observes: "This means Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas second Duke of Norfolk, by Agnes his second wife, and consequently half uncle to Surrey. He was attainted of high treason, and committed to the Tower, in June 1536, for having, without the knowledge or approbation of King Henry VIII, affianced himself to the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland, the King's sister. Lord Thomas Howard remained in confinement till his decease on Allhallows Eve, 1538. Upon his death the Lady Margaret, who had been confined likewise, was set at liberty. It is probable that this unfortunate affiance was the effect on the part of Lord Thomas Howard, as well as on the part of the Lady Margaret, of real attachment, and not of ambition. Had he relinquished all claim to her hand, he probably would have been released from his confinement. It is likely therefore that his love, as Surrey intimates, really cost him his life."



As other some full many years to trace by craft ye  
made.

And thus behold our kinds, how that we differ far ;  
I seek my foes ; and you your friends do threaten  
still with war.

I fawn where I am fled ; you slay, that seeks to  
-you ;

I can devour no yielding prey ; you kill where  
you subdue.

My kind is to desire the honour of the field ;  
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such  
as to you yield.

Wherefore I would you wist, that for your coyed  
looks,

I am no man that will be trapp'd, nor tangled  
with such hooks.

And though some lust to love, where blame full  
well they might ;

And to such beasts of current sought, that should  
have travail bright ;

I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,  
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go  
free.

And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,  
Which never fed on hand nor lure ; nor for no  
stale<sup>1</sup> doth care ;

While that I live and breathe, such shall my cus-  
tom be

In wildness of the woods to seek my prey, where  
pleaseth me ;

<sup>1</sup> A piece of meat used to allure falcons back to their master.

Where many one shall rue, that never made  
offence :

Thus your refuse against my power shall boot  
them no defence.

And for revenge thereof I vow and swear thereto,  
A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought  
to do.

And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,  
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have  
fed on me.

And thus farewell, Unkind, to whom I bent and  
bow ;

I would you wist, the ship is safe that bare his  
sails so low.

Sith that a Lion's heart is for a Wolf no prey,  
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple  
sheep, I say,

With more despite and ire than I can now express ;  
Which to my pain though I refrain, the cause you  
may well guess.

As for because myself was author of the game,  
It boots me not that for my wrath I should disturb  
the same.'

## THE FAITHFUL LOVER

DECLARETH HIS PAINS AND HIS UNCERTAIN JOYS,  
AND WITH ONLY HOPE RECOMFORTETH  
SOMEWHAT HIS WOEFUL HEART.



If care do cause men cry, why do not I  
complain ?

If each man do bewail his woe, why  
shew I not my pain ?

Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is none  
So far from weal, so full of woe, or hath more  
cause to moan.

For all things having life, sometime hath quiet rest ;  
The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other  
beast ;

The peasant and the post, that serve at all assays ;  
The ship-boy and the galley-slave, have time to  
take their ease ;

Save I, alas ! whom care, of force doth so constrain,  
To wail the day, and wake the night, continually  
in pain.

From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter  
tears,

From tears to painful plaint again ; and thus my  
life it wears.

No thing under the sun, that I can hear or see,  
But moveth me for to bewail my cruel destiny.

For where men do rejoice, since that I cannot so,  
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but  
my woe.

And when I hear the sound of song or instrument,  
Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me  
to lament.

And if I see some have their most desired sight,  
'Alas !' think I, 'each man hath weal save I, most  
woful wight.'

Then as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,  
So do I seek some secret place, where I may make  
my moan.

There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting  
heart ;

So that the streams of those two wells right well  
declare my smart.

And in those cares so cold, I force myself a heat  
(As sick men in their shaking fits procure them-  
selves to sweat)

With thoughts, that for the time do much appease  
my pain :

But yet they cause a farther fear, and breed my  
woe again.

Methink within my thought I see right plain ap-  
pear

My heart's delight, my sorrow's leech, mine earthly  
goddess here,

With every sundry grace, that I have seen her have,  
Thus I within my woful breast her picture paint  
and grave.

And in my thought I roll her beauties to and fro ;  
Her laughing chere, her lovely look, my heart that  
pierced so.

Her strangeness when I sued her servant for to be ;  
And what she said, and how she smiled, when  
that she pitied me.

Then comes a sudden fear that riveth<sup>1</sup> all my rest,  
Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sink within her  
breast.

For when I think how far this earth doth us divide,  
Alas ! me-seems love throws me down ; I feel how  
that I slide.

But then I think again, 'Why should I thus mistrust  
So sweet a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true  
and just ?

For loath she was to love, and wavering is she not ;  
The farther off the more desired.' Thus lovers  
tie their knot.

So in despair and hope plung'd am I both up and  
down,

As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune  
list to frown :

But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,  
So doth Good-hope clean put away despair out of  
my mind ;

And bids me for to serve, and suffer patiently :

For what wot I the after weal that fortune wills  
to me.

For those that care do know, and tasted have of  
trouble,

When passed is their woful pain, each joy shall  
seem them double.

And bitter sends she now, to make me taste the  
better

<sup>1</sup> To tear, to rend asunder.

The pleasant sweet, when that it comes, to make  
it seem the sweeter.

And so determine I to serve until my breath ;  
Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to  
false my faith.

And if my feeble corpse, through weight of woful  
smart

Do fail, or faint, my will it is that still she keep  
my heart.

And when this carcass here to earth shall be re-  
far'd,<sup>1</sup>

I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her after-  
ward.

### THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

**M**ARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life, be these, I find :  
The riches left, not got with pain ;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;  
No charge of rule, nor governance ;  
Without disease, the healthful life ;  
The household of continuance :

The mean<sup>2</sup> diet, no delicate<sup>3</sup> fare ;  
True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;

<sup>1</sup> Referred, to bring back.

<sup>2</sup> Moderate.

<sup>3</sup> Dainty, in one MS.

The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the night :  
Contented with thine own estate ;  
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

### PRAISE OF MEAN AND CONSTANT ESTATE.



O F thy life, Thomas,<sup>1</sup> this compass well  
mark :

Not aye with full sails the high seas to  
beat ;

Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,  
On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat.<sup>2</sup>

Whoso gladly halseth<sup>3</sup> the golden mean,  
Void of dangers advisedly hath his home ;  
Not with loathsome muck as a den unclean,  
Nor palace like, whereat disdain may glome.<sup>4</sup>

The lofty pine the great wind often rives ;  
With violenter sway fallen turrets steep ;  
Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives.<sup>5</sup>  
A heart well stay'd, in overthwartes<sup>6</sup> deep.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Wyatt.

<sup>3</sup> Embraceth.

<sup>5</sup> Steep cliffs.

<sup>2</sup> Damage.

<sup>4</sup> Look at scornfully.

<sup>6</sup> Adverse fortunes.

Hopeth amends : in sweet, doth fear the sour.  
 God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.  
 Now ill, not aye thus : once Phœbus to low'r,  
 With bow unbent, shall cease and frame to harp

His voice ; in strait estate appear thou stout ;  
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind  
 All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about ;  
 Take in a reef : haste is waste, proof doth find.

## PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID,

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS [WYATT]

THE ELDER.



HE great Macedon, that out of Persia  
 chased  
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asia  
 rung ;  
 In the rich ark<sup>1</sup> Dan Homer's rhymes he placed,  
 Who feigned gests<sup>2</sup> of heathen princes sung.  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,  
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then pur-  
 chase ?

Where he doth paint the lively faith, and pure,  
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace,  
 Of just David, by perfect penitence ;  
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear,


<sup>1</sup> Chest.

<sup>2</sup> Heroic deeds.



The bitter fruit of false concupiscence ;  
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.  
 In Princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,  
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.<sup>1</sup>

## OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

IVERS thy death do diversely bemoan:  
 Some, that in presence of thy livelihood<sup>2</sup>  
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate  
 had swoln,

Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.  
 Some, that watched with the murd'rer's knife,  
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,  
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.  
 But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head ;  
 What virtues rare were tempered in that breast ;  
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,  
 And kiss the ground whereas the corpse doth rest ;  
 With vapour'd eyes : from whence such streams  
 availe,<sup>3</sup>  
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Warton thinks that "probably the last lines may contain an oblique allusion to some of the amours of King Henry VIII."

<sup>2</sup> Being alive.

<sup>3</sup> Fall down.

## OF THE SAME.



WYATT resteth here, that quick<sup>1</sup> could  
never rest :

Whose heavenly gifts increased by  
disdain ;

And virtue sank the deeper in his breast :  
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame ;  
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,  
As on a stithe,<sup>2</sup> where that some work of fame  
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage, stern and mild ; where both did grow  
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :

Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,  
To live upright, and smile at Fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme ;  
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.

A mark, the which (unperfected for time)  
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue, that serv'd in foreign realms his king ;  
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame

Each noble heart ; a worthy guide to bring  
Our English youth, by travail, unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect<sup>3</sup> could blind,  
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;

Whose piercing look did represent a mind  
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest  
To hide the thought that might the truth advance ;

<sup>1</sup> Alive.

<sup>2</sup> Forge, or anvil.

<sup>3</sup> Passion.

In neither fortune loft,<sup>1</sup> nor yet repress,  
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.  
 A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met :  
 Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,  
 Lived, and ran the race that Nature set ;  
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.  
 But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,  
 Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,  
 Witness of faith, that never shall be dead ;  
 Sent for our health, but not received so.  
 Thus, for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;  
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

## OF THE SAME.



N the rude age, when knowledge was  
 not rife,  
 If Jove in Crete, and other were that  
 taught

Arts, to convert to profit of our life,  
 Wend after death to have their temples sought :  
 If, Virtue yet no void unthankful time  
 Failed of some to blast her endless fame ;  
 (A goodly mean both to deter from crime,  
 And to her steps our sequel to inflame)  
 In days of truth if Wyatt's friends then wail  
 (The only debt that dead of quick may claim)  
 That rare wit spent, employ'd to our avail,  
 Where Christ is taught, we led to Virtue's train.  
 His lively face their breasts how did it freat,  
 Whose cinders yet with envy they do eat.

<sup>1</sup> Elevated.

## AN EPITAPH ON CLERE,

SURREY'S FAITHFUL FRIEND AND FOLLOWER.<sup>1</sup>

NORFOLK sprung thee, Lambeth holds  
thee dead ;

Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou  
hight !

Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,  
And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy sight.

Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase ;<sup>2</sup>  
(Aye, me ! whilst life did last that league was tender)

<sup>1</sup> These lines were inscribed, with the epitaph above, on a table in Lambeth Church :

"Epitaphium Thomæ Clere, qui fato functus est 1545, auctore Henrico Howard, Comite Surrey. In cujus faelicis ingenii specimen, et singularis facundiae argumentum, appensa fuit hæc Tabula per W. Howard, filium Thomæ nuper Ducis Norfolciensis, filii ejusdem Henrici Comitis."

This epitaph occurs, with some trifling variations, in Camden's *Remains*, Aubrey's *History of Surrey*, v. 247, and in Bloomfield's *Norfolk*. Thomas Clere was the youngest son of Sir Robert Clere, of Ormesby in Norfolk, (the descendant of Clere, of Cleremont in Normandy) by Alice, daughter of Sir William Boleyn, by Margaret, daughter and coheir of Thomas Boteler, Earl of Ormond. He was consequently first "cousin" of Queen Anne Boleyn, whom "he saw crowned" in 1533, and was connected with "Ormond's race." "Shelton" is presumed to have been a daughter of Sir John Shelton, of Shelton in Norfolk, but it does not appear that Clere married her. He died on the 14th of April, 1545, and was buried at Lambeth. These facts explain most of the allusions in the epitaph, and the others are noticed in the Memoir of Surrey.

<sup>2</sup> Didst choose.

Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,  
 Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.<sup>1</sup>  
 At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will ;  
 Which cause did thee this pining death procure,  
 Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.

Ah ! Clere ! if love had bootéd care or cost,  
 Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

### OF SARDANAPALUS'S DISHONORABLE LIFE AND MISERABLE DEATH.



H' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul  
 desire

And filthy lusts that stain'd his regal  
 heart ;

In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,  
 Did yield, vanquisht for want of martial art.  
 The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange ;  
 And harder than his lady's side, his targe :<sup>3</sup>  
 From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change ;  
 His helmet, far above a garland's charge :  
 Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,  
 Drenched in sloth and womanish delight :  
 Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,  
 When he had lost his honour, and his right,  
 (Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with  
 dread,)

Murder'd himself, to shew some manful deed.

<sup>1</sup> Surrender.

<sup>2</sup> Recovery.

<sup>3</sup> Shield.

## HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT

WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF  
CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD  
SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

**I** SAID in my quiet bed, in study as I  
were,  
I saw within my troubled head a heap  
of thoughts appear.  
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of  
thought did rise.  
I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man  
to be.  
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains  
opprest,  
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie  
at rest.  
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so  
sore,  
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the  
more.  
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop  
and change degree.  
And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,

That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever  
    seek to change.  
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,  
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was  
    worn so thin.  
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right  
    way,  
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto  
    me say :  
' Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of  
    age,  
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life  
    doth assuage ;  
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy  
    chin ;  
The which do write two ages past, the third now  
    coming in.  
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time :  
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life  
    define.'  
Whereat I sigh'd, and said : ' Fare well ! my wonted  
    joy ;  
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every  
    little boy ;  
And tell them thus from me ; their time most happy  
    is,  
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth  
    of this.'

## BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.



HE storms are past; the clouds are over-  
blown ;

And humble chere great rigour hath  
represt.

For the default is set a pain foreknown ;  
And patience graft in a determined breast.  
And in the heart, where heaps of griefs were grown,  
The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest.  
No company so pleasant as mine own.

. . . . .

Thraldom at large hath made this prison free.  
Danger well past, remembered, works delight.  
Of ling'ring doubts such hope is sprung, pardie !<sup>1</sup>  
That nought I find displeasing in my sight,  
But when my glass presented unto me  
The cureless wound, that bleedeth day and night,  
To think, alas ! such hap should granted be  
Unto a wretch, that hath no heart to fight,  
To spill that blood, that hath so oft been shed,  
For Britain's sake, alas ! and now is dead !

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of *par Dieu*.



EXHORTATION TO LEARN BY OTHERS'  
TROUBLE.

**M**Y Ratclif,<sup>1</sup> when thy rechless<sup>2</sup> youth  
    offends,  
Receive thy scourge by others' chastise-  
    ment ;  
For such calling, when it works none amends,  
Then plagues are sent without advertisement.  
Yet Solomon said, the wronged shall recure :  
But Wyatt said true ; ' The scar doth aye endure.'

THE FANCY OF A WEARIED LOVER.

**T**HE fancy, which that I have served long  
    That hath alway been enemy to mine  
    ease ;  
Seemed of late to rue upon my wrong,  
And bade me fly the cause of my misease.  
And I forthwith did press out of the throng,  
That thought by flight my painful heart to please  
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong ;  
And to myself I said, ' Alas ! those days  
In vain were spent, to run the race so long.'

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Sir Humphrey Ratcliffe, one of the gentlemen pensioners.

<sup>2</sup> Careless.

And with that thought I met my guide, that plain,  
Out of the way wherein I wander'd wrong,  
Brought me amidst the hills in base Bullayne :  
Where I am now, as restless to remain  
Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

A SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF  
LONDON.<sup>1</sup>

**L**ONDON ! hast thou accused me  
Of breach of laws ? the root of strife !  
Within whose breast did boil to see,  
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life ;  
That even the hate of sins, that grow  
Within thy wicked walls so rife,  
For to break forth did convert so,  
That terror could it not repress.  
The which, by words, since preachers know  
What hope is left for to redress,  
By unknown means it liked me  
My hidden burthen to express.  
Whereby it might appear to thee  
That secret sin hath secret spite ;  
From justice' rod no fault is free  
But that all such as work unright

<sup>1</sup> " A Satire on London " was first published by Mr. Park from a manuscript in his possession. The version printed by Dr. Nott was collated from Park's copy and Dr. Harrington's manuscript. It was probably written after Lord Surrey had been condemned by a London jury.

In most quiet, are next ill rest.  
In secret silence of the night  
This made me, with a reckless breast,  
To wake thy sluggards with my bow :  
A figure of the Lord's behest ;  
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.  
That as the fearful thunder's clap  
By sudden flame at hand we know ;  
Of pebble stones the soundless rap,  
The dreadful plague might make thee see  
Of God's wrath, that doth thee enwrap.  
That pride might know, from conscience free,  
How lofty works may her defend ;  
And envy find, as he hath sought,  
How other seek him to offend :  
And wrath taste of each cruel thought,  
The just shape higher in the end :  
And idle sloth, that never wrought,  
To heaven his spirit lift may begin :  
And greedy lucre live in dread,  
To see what hate ill got goods win.  
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,  
Perceive what secrecy is in sin :  
And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,  
Awaked, when their fault they find,  
In loathsome vice each drunken wight,  
To stir to God this was my mind.  
Thy windows had done me no spight ;  
But proud people that dread no fall,  
Clothed with falsehood, and unright  
Bred in the closures of thy wall.  
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal  
Thou hast to strife, my secret call.

Indured hearts no warning feel.  
O! shameless whore! is dread then gone?  
Be such thy foes, as meant thy weal?  
O! member of false Babylon!  
The shop of craft! the den of ire!  
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.  
Thy martyrs' blood by sword and fire,  
In heaven and earth for justice call.  
The Lord shall hear their just desire!  
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall!  
With famine and pest lamentably  
Stricken shall be thy lechers all.  
Thy proud towers and turrets high,  
Enemies to God, beat stone from stone:  
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity:  
When none thy ruin shall bemoan;  
But render unto the righteous Lord,  
That so hath judged Babylon,  
Immortal praise with one accord.



THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE  
STATE UNTO HIS LOVE,

AND PROMISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD WILL,

ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HERS AGAIN.<sup>1</sup>



HE Sun, when he hath spread his rays,  
And shew'd his face ten thousand ways;  
Ten thousand things do then begin,  
To shew the life that they are in.

The heaven shews lively art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs upon the earth; anon,  
The earth, as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the tears of her own kind,  
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.  
For well she feels that out and out  
The sun doth warm her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly;  
And shews them forth full orderly.  
The mountains high, and how they stand!  
The valleys, and the great main land!  
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,  
The castles, and the rivers long!

<sup>1</sup> This poem is among those of "Uncertain Authors" printed by Tottel. Dr. Nott ascribes it to Surrey, on the authority of Turberville, in the following line:—

"Though noble Surrey said 'that absence wonders  
frame.'"

And even for joy thus of this heat  
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,  
And sleeps no more ; but sendeth forth  
Her clergions,<sup>1</sup> her own dear worth,  
To mount and fly up to the air ;  
Where then they sing in order fair,  
And tell in song full merrily,  
How they have slept full quietly  
That night, about their mother's sides.  
And when they have sung more besides,  
Then fall they to their mother's breasts,  
Whereas they feed, or take their rests.  
The hunter then sounds out his horn,  
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.  
On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,  
And every young one with his dam.  
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,  
Both of their bliss, and of their bale ;<sup>2</sup>  
And how they serve, and how they do,  
And how their lady loves them too.  
Then tune the birds their harmony ;  
Then flock the fowl in company ;  
Then every thing doth pleasure find  
In that, that comforts all their kind.  
No dreams do drench them of the night  
Of foes, that would them slay, or bite,  
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail ;  
Or men force them through hill and dale.  
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf :  
The shipman forces not the gulf ;  
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife  
Should then bereave him of his life.

<sup>1</sup> Young brood.<sup>2</sup> Sorrow

For when the sun doth once run in,  
Then all their gladness doth begin ;  
And then their skips, and then their play :  
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting  
In that, that doth them comfort bring ;  
Save I, alas ! whom neither sun,  
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done  
May comfort aught ; as though I were  
A thing not made for comfort here.  
For being absent from your sight,  
Which are my joy and whole delight,  
My comfort, and my pleasure too,  
How can I joy ! how should I do ?  
May sick men laugh, that roar with pain ?  
Joy they in song, that do complain ?  
Are martyrs in their torments glad ?  
Do pleasures please them that are mad ?  
Then how may I in comfort be,  
That lack the thing should comfort me ?  
The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,  
Complains not most the lack of light ;  
But those that knew their perfectness,  
And then do miss their blissfulness,  
In martyrs' tunes they sing, and wail  
The want of that, which doth them fail.

And hereof comes that in my brains  
So many fancies work my pains.  
For when I weigh your worthiness  
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,  
Your virtues and your sundry grace,  
And mind the countenance of your face ;  
And how that you are she alone,

To whom I must both plain and moan ;  
Whom I do love, and must do still ;  
Whom I embrace, and aye so will,  
To serve and please you as I can,  
As may a woful faithful man ;  
And find myself so far you fro,  
God knows, what torment and what woe,  
My rueful heart doth then embrace ;  
The blood then changeth in my face ;  
My sinews dull, in dumps<sup>1</sup> I stand,  
No life I feel in foot nor hand,  
As pale as any clout, and dead.  
Lo ! suddenly the blood o'erspread,  
And gone again, it nill<sup>2</sup> so bide ;  
And thus from life to death I slide,  
As cold sometimes as any stone ;  
And then again as hot anon.

Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,  
To give me sundry sorts of wits ;  
Till that a sigh becomes my friend,  
And then too all this woe doth end.  
And sure, I think, that sigh doth run  
From me to you, where ay you won.  
For well I find it easeth me ;  
And certès much it pleaseth me,  
To think that it doth come to you,  
As, would to God, it could so do.  
For then I know you would soon find,  
By scent and savour of the wind,  
That even a martyr's sigh it is,  
Whose joy you are, and all his bliss ;  
His comfort and his pleasure eke,

<sup>1</sup> Dulness of spirits.

<sup>2</sup> Unwilling.



And even the same that he doth seek ;  
The same that he doth wish and crave ;  
The same that he doth trust to have ;  
To tender you in all he may,  
And all your likings to obey,  
As far as in his power shall lie ;  
Till death shall dart him for to die.

But, well-away ! mine own most best,  
My joy, my comfort, and my rest ;  
The causer of my woe and smart,  
And yet the pleaser of my heart ;  
And she that on the earth above  
Is even the worthiest for to love,  
Hear now my plaint ! hear now my woe !  
Hear now his pain that loves you so !  
And if your heart do pity bear,  
Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe in all this doubt,  
Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,  
Of wretched form and loathsome face,  
While I stand in this woful case,  
Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,  
And says, ' Friend, hark ! and understand ;  
I see well by thy port and chere,  
And by thy looks and thy manere,  
And by thy sadness as thou goest,  
And by the sighs that thou out throwest,  
That thou art stuffed full of woe.  
The cause, I think, I do well know.  
A fantaser thou art of some,  
By whom thy wits are overcome.  
But hast thou read old pamphlets aught ?  
Or hast thou known how books have taught

That love doth use to such as thou?  
When they do think them safe enow,  
And certain of their ladies' grace,  
Hast thou not seen oftentimes the case,  
That suddenly their hap hath turn'd?  
As things in flame consum'd and burn'd.  
Some by deceit forsaken right;  
Some likewise changed of fancy light;  
And some by absence soon forgot?  
The lots in love, why knowest thou not?  
And though that she be now thine own,  
And knows thee well, as may be known;  
And thinks thee to be such a one  
As she likes best to be her own;  
Think'st thou that others have not grace,  
To shew and plain their woful case?  
And choose her for their lady now;  
And swear her truth as well as thou?  
And what if she do alter mind,  
Where is the love that thou wouldst find?  
Absence, my friend, works wonders oft;  
Now brings full low that lay full loft;  
Now turns the mind, now to, now fro,  
And where art thou, if it were so?

‘If absence,’ quoth I, ‘be marvellous,  
I find her not so dangerous;  
For she may not remove me fro.  
The poor good will that I do owe  
To her, whom unneth<sup>1</sup> I love, and shall;  
And chosen have above them all,  
To serve and be her own as far  
As any man may offer her;

<sup>1</sup> With distress.

And will her serve and will her love,  
And lowly, as it shall behove ;  
And die her own, if fate be so :  
Thus shall my heart nay part her fro.  
And witness shall my good will be,  
That absence takes her not from me ;  
But that my love doth still increase  
To mind her still, and never cease :  
And what I feel to be in me,  
The same good will, I think, hath she ;  
As firm and fast to bidden aye,  
Till death depart us both away.'

And as I have my tale thus told,  
Steps unto me, with countenance bold,  
A steadfast friend, a counsellor,  
And nam'd is, Hope, my comforter ;  
And stoutly then he speaks and says,  
'Thou hast said truth withouten nays ;  
For I assure thee, even by oath,  
And thereon take my hand and troth,  
That she is one the worthiest,  
The truest and the faithfullest ;  
The gentlest and the meekest of mind,  
That here on earth a man may find :  
And if that love and truth were gone,  
In her it might be found alone ;  
For in her mind no thought there is,  
But how she may be true, I wis ;<sup>1</sup>  
And tenders thee, and all thy heale,<sup>2</sup>  
And wisheth both thy health and weal ;

<sup>1</sup> To know, perceive.

<sup>2</sup> Or *hele*, prosperity, happiness.

And loves thee even as far-forth than  
As any woman may a man ;  
And is thine own, and so she says ;  
And cares for thee ten thousand ways.  
On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks ;  
With thee she eats, with thee she drinks ;  
With thee she talks, with thee she moans ;  
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans ;  
With thee she says, ' Farewell, mine own !'  
When thou, God knows, full far art gone.  
And even, to tell thee all aright,  
To thee she says full oft, ' Good night !'  
And names thee oft her own most dear,  
Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer ;  
And tells her pillow all the tale  
How thou hast done her woe and bale ;  
And how she longs, and plains for thee,  
And says, ' Why art thou so from me ?  
Am I not she that loves thee best ?  
Do I not wish thine ease and rest ?  
Seek I not how I may thee please ?  
Why art thou then so from thine ease ?  
If I be she for whom thou carest,  
For whom in torments so thou farest,  
Alas ! thou knowest to find me here,  
Where I remain thine own most dear ;  
Thine own most true, thine own most just ;  
Thine own that loves thee still, and must ;  
Thine own that cares alone for thee,  
As thou, I think, dost care for me ;  
And even the woman, she alone  
That is full bent to be thine own.'

‘ What wilt thou more ? what canst thou crave ?

Since she is as thou wouldst her have.  
Then set this drivel out of door,  
That in thy brains such tales doth pour,  
Of absence, and of changes strange ;  
Send him to those that use to change :  
For she is none I thee avow,  
And well thou mayst believe me now.'

When Hope hath thus his reason said,  
Lord ! how I feel me well a-paid !  
A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,  
That all in joy I stand at ones.  
My hands I throw to heav'n above,  
And humbly thank the god of love ;  
That of his grace I should bestow  
My love so well as I it owe.  
And all the planets as they stand,  
I thank them too with heart and hand ;  
That their aspects so friendly were,  
That I should so my good will bear ;  
To you, that are the worthiest,  
The fairest and the gentleöst ;  
And best can say, and best can do  
That 'longs, methinks, a woman to ;  
And therefore are most worthy far,  
To be beloved as you are.  
And so says Hope in all his tale,  
Whereby he easeth all my bale.  
For I believe, and think it true  
That he doth speak or say of you.  
And thus contented, lo ! I stand  
With that, that Hope bears me in hand,  
That you are mine, and shall so be.  
Which Hope I keep full sure in me,

As he, that all my comfort is.  
 On you alone, which are my bliss,  
 My pleasure chief, which most I find,  
 And e'en the whole joy of my mind :  
 And shall so be, until the death  
 Shall make me yield up life and breath.  
 Thus, good mine own, lo ! here my trust ;  
 Lo ! here my truth, and service just ;  
 Lo ! in what case for you I stand !  
 Lo ! how you have me in your hand ;  
 And if you can requite a man,  
 Requite me, as you find me than.

## ECCLESIASTES.

### CHAPTER I.



SOLOMON, David's son, King of  
 Jerusalem,  
 Chosen by God to teach the Jews, and  
 in his laws to lead them,  
 Confess, under the Sun that every thing is vain ;  
 The world is false ; man he is frail, and all his  
 pleasures pain.  
 Alas ! what stable fruit may Adam's children find  
 In that they seek by sweat of brows and travail of  
 their mind !  
 We, that live on the earth, draw toward our decay ;  
 Our children fill our place a while, and then they  
 fade away.

Such changes make the earth, and doth remove for  
none ;

But serves us for a place to play our tragedies upon.  
When that the restless sun westward his course  
hath run,

Towards the east he hastes as fast to rise where  
he begun.

When hoary Boreas hath blown his frozen blast,  
Then Zephyrus, with his gentle breath, dissolves  
the ice as fast.

Floods that drink up small brooks, and swell by  
rage of rain,

Discharge in seas ; which them repulse, and swal-  
low straight again.

These worldly pleasures, Lord ! so swift they run  
their race,

That scarce our eyes may them discern ; they bide  
so little space.

What hath been but is now ; the like hereafter shall :  
What new device grounded so sure, that dreadeth  
not the fall !

What may be called new, but such things in times  
past

As Time buried, and doth revive ; and Time again  
shall waste.

Things past right worthy fame, have now no bruit  
at all ;

Even so shall die such things as now the simple  
wonders call.

I, that in David's seat sit crowned, and rejoice,  
That with my sceptre rule the Jews, and teach  
them with my voice,

Have searched long to know all things under the sun ;

To see how in this mortal life a surety might be won.  
This kindled will to know ; strange things for to  
    desire,

God hath graft in our greedy breasts a torment for  
    our hire.

The end of each travail forthwith I sought to know ;  
I found them vain, mixed with gall, and burthen'd  
    with much woe.

Defaults of nature's work no man's hand may re-  
    store,

Which be in number like the sands upon the salt  
    floods shore.

Then, vaunting in my wit, I gan call to my mind  
What rules of wisdom I had taught, that elders  
    could not find.

And, as by contraries to try most things we use,  
Men's follies, and their errors eke I gan them all  
    peruse ;

Thereby with more delight to knowledge for to  
    climb :

But this I found an endless work of pain, and loss  
    of time.

For he to wisdom's school that doth apply his mind,  
The further that he wades therein, the greater  
    doubts shall find.

And such as enterprise to put new things in ure,  
Of some that shall scorn their device, may well  
    themselves assure.



## CHAPTER II.

**F**ROM pensive fancies then I gan my heart  
revoke ;  
And gave me to such sporting plays as  
laughter might provoke :  
But even such vain delights, when they most blinded  
me,  
Always, methought, with smiling grace a king did  
ill agree.  
Then sought I how to please my belly with much  
wine,  
To feed me fat with costly feasts of rare delights,  
and fine ;  
And other pleasures eke to purchase me, with rest :  
In so great choice to find the thing that might  
content me best.  
But, Lord ! what care of mind, what sudden storms  
of ire,  
What broken sleeps endured I, to compass my desire !  
To build me houses fair then set I all my cure :  
By princely acts thus strove I still to make my  
fame endure.  
Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight ;  
And graft therein all kinds of fruits that might my  
mouth delight.  
Conduits, by lively springs from their old course I  
drew,  
For to refresh the fruitful trees that in my gardens  
grew.  
Of cattle great increase I bred in little space ;

Bondmen I bought ; I gave them wives, and serv'd  
me with their race.

Great heaps of shining gold by sparing gan I save ;  
With things of price so furnished as fits a prince  
to have.

To hear fair women sing sometime I did rejoyce ;  
Ravished with their pleasant tunes, and sweetness  
of their voice.

Lemans I had, so fair and of so lively hue,  
That whoso gazed in their face might well their  
beauty rue.

Never erst sat there king so rich in David's seat ;  
Yet still, methought, for so small gain the travail  
was too great.

From my desirous eyes I hid no pleasant sight,  
Nor from my heart no kind of mirth that might  
give them delight ;

Which was the only fruit I reap'd of all my pain,  
To feed my eyes, and to rejoyce my heart with all  
my gain.

But when I made my count, with how great care  
of mind

And hearts unrest, that I had sought so wasteful  
fruit to find ;

Then was I stricken straight with that abused fire,  
To glory in that goodly wit that compass'd my  
desire.

But fresh before mine eyes grace did my faults  
renew :

What gentle callings I had fled my ruin to pursue ;  
What raging pleasures past, peril and hard escape ;  
What fancies in my head had wrought the liquor  
of the grape.

The error then I saw that their frail hearts doth  
move,  
Which strive in vain for to compare with Him that  
sits above :  
In whose most perfect works such craft appeareth  
plain,  
That to the least of them, there may no mortal  
hand attain.  
And like as lightsome day doth shine above the  
night,  
So dark to me did folly seem, and wisdom's beams  
as bright,  
Whose eyes did seem so clear motes to discern and  
find :  
But Will had closed Folly's eyes, which groped  
like the blind,  
Yet death and time consume all wit and worldly  
fame ;  
And look ! what end that folly hath, and wisdom  
hath the same.  
Then said I thus : ' O Lord ! may not thy wisdom  
cure  
The wailful wrongs and hard conflicts that folly  
doth endure ?'  
To sharp my wit so fine then why took I this pain ?  
Now find I well this noble search may eke be  
called vain.  
As slander's loathsome bruit sounds folly's just  
reward,  
Is put to silence all betime, and brought in small  
regard :  
Even so doth time devour the noble blast of fame,  
Which should resound their glories great that do  
deserve the same.

Thus present changes chase away the wonders past,  
Ne is the wise man's fatal thread yet longer spun  
to last.

Then in this wretched vale, our life I loathed plain,  
When I beheld our fruitless pains to compass  
pleasures vain.

My travail this avail hath me produced, lo !  
An heir unknown shall reap the fruit that I in seed  
did sow.

But whereunto the Lord his nature shall incline  
Who can foreknow, into whose hands I must my  
goods resign ?

But, Lord, how pleasant sweet then seem'd the  
idle life,

That never charged was with care, nor burthened  
with strife.

And vile the greedy trade of them that toil so sore,  
To leave to such their travails fruit that never  
sweat therefore.

What is that pleasant gain ? what is that sweet re-  
lief,

That should delay the bitter taste that we feel of  
our grief ?

The gladsome days we pass to search a simple gain ;  
The quiet nights, with broken sleeps, to feed a  
restless brain.


What hope is left us then ? What comfort doth  
remain

Our quiet hearts for to rejoice with the fruit of our  
pain ?

If that be true, who may himself so happy call  
As I whose free and sumptuous spence doth shine  
beyond them all ?

Surely it is a gift and favour of the Lord,  
Liberally to spend our goods, the ground of all  
discord.  
And wretched hearts have they that let their trea-  
sures mould,  
And carry the rod that scourgeth them that glory  
in their gold.  
But I do know, by proof, whose riches bear such  
bruit,  
What stable wealth may stand in waste, or heaping  
of such fruit.

## CHAPTER III.

IKE to the steerless boat that swerves with  
every wind,  
The slipper top of worldly wealth, by cruel  
proof I find.  
Scarce hath the seed, whereof that nature form-  
eth man,  
Received life, when death him yields to earth  
where he began !  
The grafted plants with pain, whereof we hoped  
fruit,  
To root them up, with blossoms spread, then is  
our chief pursuit.  
That erst we reared up, we undermine again ;  
And shred the sprays whose growth sometime we  
laboured with pain.  
Each froward threat'ning chere of fortune makes us  
plain ;

And every pleasant show revives our woful hearts  
again.

Ancient walls to rase is our unstable guise ;  
And of their weather-beaten stones, to build some  
new device.

New fancies daily spring, which vade,<sup>1</sup> returning  
mo' ;

And now we practise to obtain that straight we  
must forego.

Some time we seek to spare that afterward we  
waste ;

And that we travail'd sore to knit, for to unloose  
as fast.

In sober silence now our quiet lips we close ;  
And with unbridled tongues forthwith our secret  
hearts disclose.

Such as in folded arms we did embrace, we hate ;  
Whom straight we reconcile again, and banish all  
debate.

My seed, with labour sown, such fruit produceth  
me,

To waste my life in contraries that never shall agree.  
From God these heavy cares are sent for our un-  
rests ;

And with such burdens for our wealth he fraughteth  
full our breasts.

All that the Lord hath wrought, hath beauty and  
good grace ;

And to each thing assigned is the proper time and  
place.

And granted eke to man of all the world's estate,

<sup>1</sup> Pass away.

And of each thing wrought in the same, to argue  
and debate.

Which art, though it approach the heavenly know-  
ledge most,

To search the natural ground of things,—yet all is  
labour lost.

But then the wandering eyes that long for surety  
sought,

Found that by pain no certain wealth might in  
this world be bought.

Who liveth in delight and seeks no greedy thrift,  
But freely spends his goods, may think it is a  
secret gift.

Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intend ;  
Which no device of man's wit may advance, nor  
yet defend ;

Who made all things of nought, that Adam's chil-  
dren might

Learn how to dread the Lord, that wrought such  
wonders in their sight.

The grisly wonders past, which time wears out of  
mind,

To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so as-  
sign'd.

Lo ! thus his careful scourge doth steal on us un-  
ware ;

Which, when the flesh hath clean forgot, he doth  
again repair.

When I in this vain search had wander'd sore my  
wit,

I saw a royal throne eke where as Justice should  
have sit.

Instead of whom I saw, with fierce and cruel mood,

Where wrong was set ; that bloody beast that  
drank the guiltless blood :  
Then thought I thus : ‘ One day the Lord shall sit  
in doom,  
To view his flock, and choose the pure ; the spotted  
have no room.’  
Yet be such scourges sent, that each aggrieved  
mind  
Like the brute beasts that swell in rage and fury  
by their kind,  
His error may confess when he hath wrestled long ;  
And then with patience may him arm : the sure  
defence of wrong.  
For death, that of the beast the carrion doth de-  
vour,  
Unto the noble kind of man presents the fatal hour.  
The perfect form that God hath given to either  
man,  
Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth, where it  
began.  
And who can tell if that the soul of man ascend ;  
Or with the body if it die, and to the ground de-  
scend.  
Wherefore each greedy heart that riches seeks to  
gain,  
Gather may he that savoury fruit that springeth of  
his pain.  
A mean convenient wealth I mean to take in worth ;  
And with a hand of largess eke in measure pour it  
forth.  
For treasure spent in life the body doth sustain ;  
The heir shall waste the hoarded gold, amassed  
with much pain.



Nor may foresight of man such order give in life,  
For to foreknow who shall rejoice<sup>1</sup> their gotten  
good with strife.

## CHAPTER IV.



HEN I bethought me well, under the rest-  
less Sun

By folk of power what cruel works un-  
chastised were done ;

I saw where stood a herd by power of such opprest,  
Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned<sup>2</sup>  
all their breast ;

Devoid of comfort clean, in terror and distress ;  
In whose defence none would arise such rigour to  
repress.

Then thought I thus : ‘ O Lord ! the dead, whose  
fatal hour

Is clean run out, more happy are ; whom that the  
worms devour :

And happiest is the seed that never did conceive ;  
That never felt the wailful wrongs that mortal folk  
receive.’

And then I saw that wealth, and every honest gain  
By travail won, and sweat of brows, gan grow into  
disdain,

Through sloth of careless folk, whom ease so fat  
doth feed ;

Whose idle hands do nought but waste the fruit of  
other’s seed.

<sup>1</sup> Enjoy.

<sup>2</sup> Bathed.

Which to themselves persuade—that little got with  
ease

More thankful is, than kingdoms won by travail  
and disease.

Another sort I saw without both friend or kin,  
Whose greedy ways yet never sought a faithful  
friend to win.

Whose wretched corpse no toil yet ever weary could;  
Nor gluttoned ever were their eyes with heaps of  
shining gold.

But, if it might appear to their abused eyen,  
To whose avail they travail so, and for whose sake  
they pine ;

Then should they see what cause they have for to  
repent

The fruitless pains and eke the time that they in  
vain have spent.

Then gan I thus resolve—‘ More pleasant is the life  
Of faithful friends that spend their goods in com-  
mon, without strife.’

For as the tender friend appeaseth every grief,  
So, if he fall that lives alone, who shall be his  
relief?

The friendly feeres<sup>1</sup> lie warm in arms embraced  
fast ;

Who sleeps alone, at every turn doth feel the  
winter blast :

What can he do but yield, that must resist alone ?  
If there be twain, one may defend the t’other over-  
thrown.

The single twined cords may no such stress endure

<sup>1</sup> Companions.

As cables braided threefold may, together wreathed  
sure.

In better far estate stand children, poor and wise,  
Than aged kings, wedded to will, that work with-  
out advice.

In prison have I seen, or this, a woful wight  
That never knew what freedom meant, nor tasted  
of delight ;

With such unhop'd hap in most despair hath met,  
Within the hands that erst wore gyves<sup>1</sup> to have a  
sceptre set.

And by conjures<sup>2</sup> the seed of kings is thrust from  
state,

Whereon a griev'd people work ofttimes their hid-  
den hate.

Other, without respect, I saw a friend or foe  
With feet worn bare in tracing such,<sup>3</sup> whereas the  
honours grew.

And at death of a prince great routs revived strange,  
Which fain their old yoke to discharge, rejoiced in  
the change.

But when I thought, to these as heavy even or  
more

Shall be the burden of his reign, as his that went  
before ;

And that a train like great upon the dead attend,<sup>4</sup>  
I gan conclude, each greedy gain hath its uncer-  
tain end.

In humble spirit is set the temple of the Lord ;  
Where if thou enter, look thy mouth and conscience  
may accord !

<sup>1</sup> Fetters.

<sup>3</sup> Or, paths.

<sup>2</sup> Conspiracies.

<sup>4</sup> Depend, MS.

Whose Church is built of love, and deckt with hot  
 desire,  
 And simple faith ; the yolden ghost<sup>1</sup> his mercy doth  
 require.  
 Where perfectly for aye he in his word doth rest ;  
 With gentle ear to hear thy suit, and grant thee  
 thy request.  
 In boast of outward works he taketh no delight,  
 Nor waste of words ; such sacrifice unsavoureth in  
 his sight.

## CHAPTER V.



WHEN that repentant tears hath cleansed  
 clear from ill  
 The charged breast ; and grace hath  
 wrought therein amending will ;  
 With bold demands then may his mercy well assail  
 The speech man saith, without the which request  
 may none prevail.  
 More shall thy penitent sighs his endless mercy  
 please,  
 Than their importune suits, which dream that words  
 God's wrath appease.  
 For heart, contrite of fault, is gladsome recom-  
 pense ;  
 And prayer, fruit of Faith, whereby God doth with  
 sin dispense.  
 As fearful broken sleeps spring from a restless head,

<sup>1</sup> That is, the spirit yielded up to his will.

By chattering of unholy lips is fruitless prayer bred.  
In waste of wind, I rede,<sup>1</sup> vow nought unto the Lord,  
Whereto thy heart to bind thy will, freely doth not  
accord ;

For humble vows fulfill'd, by grace right sweetly  
smoke :

But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of  
God provoke.

Yet bet<sup>2</sup> with humble heart thy frailty to confess,  
Than to boast of such perfectness, whose works  
such fraud express.

With feigned words and oaths contract with God  
no guile ;

Such craft returns to thine own harm, and doth  
thyself defile.

And though the mist of sin persuade such error  
light,

Thereby yet are thy outward works all dampned<sup>3</sup>  
in his sight.

As sundry broken dreams us diversly abuse,  
So are his errors manifold that many words doth  
use.

With humble secret plaint, few words of hot effect,  
Honour thy Lord ; allowance vain of void desert  
neglect.

Though wrong at times the right, and wealth eke  
need oppress,

Think not the hand of justice slow to follow the  
redress.

For such unrighteous folk as rule withouten dread,  
By some abuse or secret lust he suffereth to be led.  
The chief bliss that in earth to living man is lent,

<sup>1</sup> I advise.

<sup>2</sup> Better.

<sup>3</sup> Condemned.

Is moderate wealth to nourish life, if he can be  
content.

He that hath but one field, and greedily seeketh  
nought,

To fence the tiller's hand from need, is king within  
his thought.

But such as of their gold their only idol make,  
No treasure may the raven of their hungry hands  
aslake.

For he that gapes for good, and hoardeth all his gain,  
Travails in vain to hide the sweet that should re-  
lieve his pain.

Where is great wealth, there should be many a  
needy wight

To spend the same; and that should be the rich  
man's chief delight.

The sweet and quiet sleeps that wearied limbs op-  
press,

Beguile the night in diet thin, not feasts of great  
excess:

But waker<sup>1</sup> lie the rich; whose lively heat with rest  
Their charged bulks<sup>2</sup> with change of meats cannot  
so soon digest.

Another righteous doom I saw of greedy gain;  
With busy cares such treasures oft preserved to  
their bane:

The plenteous houses sackt; the owners end with  
shame

Their sparkled goods; their needy heirs, that should  
enjoy the same,

From wealth despoiled bare, from whence they  
came they went;

<sup>1</sup> Wakeful.

<sup>2</sup> Bodies.

Clad in the clothes of poverty, as Nature first them  
sent.

Naked as from the womb we came, if we depart,  
With toil to seek that we must leave, what boot  
to vex the heart?

What life lead testy men then, that consume their  
days

In inward frets, untemper'd hates, at strife with  
some always.

Then gan I praise all those, in such a world of  
strife,

As take the profit of their goods, that may be had  
in life.

For sure the liberal hand that hath no heart to spare  
This fading wealth, but pours it forth, it is a virtue  
rare :

That makes wealth slave to need, and gold become  
his thrall,

Clings<sup>1</sup> not his guts with niggish<sup>2</sup> fare, to heap  
his chest withal ;

But feeds the lusts of kind with costly meats and  
wine ;

And slacks the hunger and the thirst of needy folk  
that pine.

No glutton's feast I mean in waste of spence<sup>3</sup> to  
strive ;

But temperate meals the dulled spirits with joy  
thus to revive.

No care may pierce where mirth hath temper'd  
such a breast :

The bitter gall, season'd with sweet, such wisdom  
may digest.

<sup>1</sup> Starve.

<sup>2</sup> Niggard.

<sup>3</sup> Expense.

## CERTAIN PSALMS.

## THE PROLOGUE.



HERE reckless<sup>1</sup> youth in an unquiet  
breast,  
Set on by wrath, revenge, and cruelty,  
After long war patience had oppress'd ;  
And justice, wrought by princely equity ;  
My DENNY<sup>2</sup> then, mine error deep imprest,  
Began to work despair of liberty ;  
Had not David, the perfect warrior taught,  
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

*Domine Deus salutis.* PSALM LXXXVIII.



LORD ! upon whose will dependeth my  
welfare,  
To call upon thy holy name, since day nor  
night I spare,  
Grant that the just request of this repentant mind  
So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour  
it may find.

<sup>1</sup> Careless.

<sup>2</sup> In the old edition the name does not occur, and the word 'conscience' is substituted. Dr. Nott suggests that this person was "Sir Walter Denny, an intimate friend of the Howard family, and afterwards one of the executors of Henry the Eighth's will."



My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past ;  
My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth fast :

Like them, whose fatal thread thy hand hath cut  
in twain ;

Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their  
graves remain.

O Lord ! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my  
foe,

Into a pit all bottomless, where, as I plain<sup>1</sup> my  
woe,

The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress ;  
And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and  
distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banished from my  
sight :

And such as I have held full dear, have set my  
friendship light.

My durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,  
That by the tears that bain my breast, mine eyesight  
doth appair.<sup>2</sup>

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,  
With humble heart and stretched hands, for to  
appease thine ire.

Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,  
To shew such tokens of thy power in sight of  
Adam's line ;

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be  
fed,

That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might  
be spread.

<sup>1</sup> Mourn.

<sup>2</sup> Fail, impair.

The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare !

Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of despair.

In blind indured hearts light of thy lively name  
Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of  
the same.

Nor blazed may thy name be by the mouths of  
those

Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may  
not disclose.

The lively voice of them that in thy word delight,  
Must be the trump that must resound the glory of  
thy might.

Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress  
To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied  
limbs oppress.

And in the morning eke, when that the sleep is  
fled,

With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my  
restless bed.

Within this careful mind, burden'd with care and  
grief,

Why dost thou not appear, O Lord ! that shouldst  
be his relief ?

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight  
assail ;


Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did  
but wail.

The dread, lo ! of thine ire hath trod me under  
feet :

The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death  
seem full sweet.

Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,  
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour found :  
For they whom no mischance could from my love divide,  
Are forced, for my greater grief, from me their face to hide.

## THE PROLOGUE.

 HE sudden storms that heave me to and fro,  
Had well near pierced Faith, my guiding sail ;

For I, that on the noble voyage go  
To succour truth, and falsehood to assail,  
Constrained am to bear my sails full low ;  
And never could attain some pleasant gale.  
For unto such the prosperous winds do blow  
As run from port to port to seek avail.<sup>1</sup>  
This bred despair ; whereof such doubts did grow  
That I gan faint, and all my courage fail.  
But now, my BLAGE,<sup>2</sup> mine error well I see ;  
Such goodly light king David giveth me.

<sup>1</sup> Advantage.

<sup>2</sup> "Blame" in the old edition. George Blage, a friend of Surrey's, who accompanied him to Landrecy. He was of a good Kentish family, was educated at Cambridge, and addressed a poem to Lord Wriothesley.

*Quam bonus Israel Deus.* PSALM LXXIII.

**T**HOUGH, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be ;  
I mean to such, with pure intent as fix  
their trust in Thee,  
Yet whiles the Faith did faint that should have  
been my guide,  
Like them that walk in slipper paths, my feet began to slide ;  
Whiles I did grudge at those that glory in their gold,  
Whose loathsome pride enjoyeth wealth in quiet,  
as they would.  
To see by course of years what nature doth appair,<sup>1</sup>  
The palaces of princely form succeed from heir to heir.  
From all such travails free, as 'long to Adam's seed,  
Neither withdrawn from wicked works by danger,  
nor by dread.  
Whereof their scornful pride, and gloried with their eyes ;  
As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they clad in vice.  
Thus, as they wish, succeeds the mischief that they mean ;  
Whose glutton cheeks sloth feeds so fat, as scant  
their eyes be seen.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Impair, or bring to decay.

<sup>2</sup> This seems aimed at King Henry VIII.

Unto whose cruel power most men for dread are  
fain  
To bend or bow; with lofty looks, whiles they  
vaunt in their reign;  
And in their bloody hands, whose cruelty that  
frame  
The wailful works that scourge the poor, without  
regard of blame.  
To tempt the living God they think it no offence;  
And pierce the simple with their tongues that can  
make no defence.  
Such proofs before the just, to cause the hearts to  
waver,  
Be set like cups mingled with gall, of bitter taste  
and savour.  
Then say thy foes in scorn, that taste no other food,  
But suck the flesh of thy Elect, and bathe them in  
their blood;  
'Should we believe the Lord doth know, and suf-  
fer this?  
Fooled be he with fables vain that so abused is.'  
In terror of the just, that reigns iniquity,  
Armed with power, laden with gold, and dread for  
cruelty.  
Then vain the war might seem, that I by faith  
maintain  
Against the flesh, whose false effects my pure  
heart would disdain.  
For I am scourged still, that no offence have done,  
By wrath's children; and from my birth my chas-  
tising begun.  
When I beheld their pride, and slackness of thy  
hand,

I gan bewail the woful state wherein thy chosen  
stand.

And when I sought whereof thy sufferance, Lord,  
should grow,

I found no wit could pierce so far, thy holy dooms  
to know :

And that no mysteries, nor doubt could be distrust,  
Till I come to the holy place, the mansion of the  
just ;

Where I shall see what end thy justice shall pre-  
pare,

For such as build on worldly wealth, and dye their  
colours fair.

Oh ! how their ground is false ! and all their  
building vain !

And they shall fall ; their power shall fail that did  
their pride maintain.

As charged hearts with care, that dream some plea-  
sant turn,

After their sleep find their abuse, and to their  
plaint return ;

So shall their glory fade ; thy sword of vengeance  
shall

Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their  
errors all.

And when their golden fleece is from their back  
y-shorn ;

The spots that underneath were hid, thy chosen  
sheep shall scorn :

And till that happy day, my heart shall swell in  
care,

My eyes yield tears, my years consume between  
hope and despair.

Lo! how my spirits are dull, and all thy judgments  
dark,

No mortal head may scale so high, but wonder at  
thy work.

Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decay;  
But when I stood in dread to drench,<sup>1</sup> thy hands  
still did me stay.

And in each voyage that I took to conquer sin,  
Thou wert my guide, and gave me grace, to com-  
fort me therein.

And when my wither'd skin unto my bones did  
cleave,

And flesh did waste, thy grace did then my simple  
spirits relieve.

In other succour then, O Lord! why should I  
trust;

But only thine, whom I have found in thy behight<sup>2</sup>  
so just.

And such for dread, or gain as shall thy name re-  
fuse,

Shall perish with their golden gods that did their  
hearts seduce.

While<sup>3</sup> I, that in thy word have set my trust and  
joy,

The high reward that 'longs thereto shall quietly  
enjoy.

And my unworthy lips, inspired with thy grace,  
Shall thus forespeak thy secret works, in sight of  
Adam's race.

<sup>1</sup> To be overwhelmed.

<sup>2</sup> Promise.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Where.

*Exaudi, Deus, orationem meam.* PSALM LV.

**G**IVE ear to my suit, Lord ! fromward<sup>1</sup> hide  
not thy face :  
Behold ! hearken, in grief, lamenting how  
I pray :

My foes that bray so loud, and eke threpe on<sup>2</sup> so  
fast,

Buckled to do me scath,<sup>3</sup> so is their malice bent.  
Care pierceth my entrails, and travaileth my spirit ;  
The grisly fear of death environeth my breast :  
A trembling cold of dread overwhelmeth my heart.  
' Oh ! ' think I, ' had I wings like to the simple  
dove,

This peril might I fly ; and seek some place of rest  
In wilder woods, where I might dwell far from  
these cares.'

What speedy way of wing my plaints should they  
lay on,  
To 'scape the stormy blast that threaten'd is to me?  
Rein those unbridled tongues ! break that conjured  
league !

For I decipher'd have amid our town the strife.  
Guile and wrong keep the walls ; they ward both  
day and night :

And mischief join'd with care doth keep the market-  
stead :

Whilst wickedness with crafts in heaps swarm  
through the street.

<sup>1</sup> Away from.    <sup>2</sup> To accuse with clamour.    <sup>3</sup> Injury.



Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproach.  
By harm so looked for, 'it weigheth half the less.  
For though mine enemies hap had been for to

prevail,

I could have hid my face from venom of his eye.  
It was a friendly foe, by shadow of good will ;  
Mine old fere,<sup>1</sup> and dear friend, my guide that  
trapped me ;

Where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care,  
And in his bosom hide my secret zeal to God.

With such sudden surprise, quick may him hell  
devour ;

Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me  
defend,

My prayer shall not cease, from that the sun des-  
cends,

Till he his alture<sup>2</sup> win, and hide them in the sea,  
With words of hot effect,<sup>3</sup> that moveth from heart  
contrite,

Such humble suit, O Lord, doth pierce thy patient  
ear.

It was the Lord that brake the bloody compacts of  
those

That pricked on with ire, to slaughter me and mine.  
The everlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,  
Whom by no tale to dread he could divert from sin,  
The conscience unquiet he strikes with heavy hand,  
And proves their force in faith, whom he sware  
to defend.

Butter falls not so soft as doth his patience long,  
And overpasseth fine oil running not half so  
smooth.


<sup>1</sup> Companion.

<sup>2</sup> Altitude.

<sup>3</sup> Affection ; passion.

But when his sufferance finds that bridled wrath  
provokes,  
His threatened wrath he whets more sharp than  
tool can file.  
Friar ! whose harm and tongue presents the wicked  
sort,  
Of those false wolves, with coats which do their  
ravin hide ;  
That swear to me by heaven, the footstool of the  
Lord,  
Though force had hurt my fame, they did not touch  
my life.  
Such patching care I loath, as feeds the wealth  
with lies ;  
But in the other Psalm of David find I ease.<sup>1</sup>  
*Jacta curam tuam super Dominum ; et ipse te enutriet.*

*Domine, Dominus noster.* PSALM VIII.

HY name, O Lord, how great, is found be-  
fore our sight !  
It fills the earth, and spreads the air : the  
great works of thy might !  
For even unto the heavens thy power hath given a  
place,  
And closed it above their heads ; a mighty, large,  
compass.

<sup>1</sup> This may refer to some other Psalm which was to have followed.

Thy praise what cloud can hide, but it will shine  
again :

Since young and tender sucking babes have power  
to shew it plain.

Which in despite of those that would thy glory  
hide,

[Thou] hast put into such infants' mouths for to  
confound their pride.

Wherefore I shall behold thy figur'd heaven so high,  
Which shews such prints of divers forms within the  
cloudy sky :

As hills, and shapes of men ; eke beasts of sundry  
kind,

Monstrous to our outward sight, and fancies of our  
mind.

And eke the wanish moon, which sheens by night  
also ;

And each one of the wandering stars, which after  
her do go.

And how these keep their course ; and which are  
those that stands ;

Because they be thy wondrous works, and labours  
of thy hands.

But yet among all these I ask, ' What thing is man ?'  
Whose turn to serve in his poor need this work  
Thou first began.

Or what is Adam's son that bears his father's mark ?  
For whose delight and comfort eke Thou hast  
wrought all this work.

I see thou mind'st him much, that dost reward  
him so :

Being but earth, to rule the earth, whereon him-  
self doth go.

From angel's substance eke Thou mad'st him differ  
small;

Save one doth change his life awhile; the other  
not at all.

The sun and moon also Thou mad'st to give him  
light;

And each one of the wandering stars to twinkle  
sparkles bright.

The air to give him breath; the water for his  
health;

The earth to bring forth grain and fruit, for to in-  
crease his wealth.

And many metals too, for pleasure of the eye;  
Which in the hollow sounded ground in privy veins  
do lie.

The sheep to give his wool, to wrap his body in;  
And for such other needful things, the ox to spare  
his skin.

The horse even at his will to bear him to and fro;  
And as him list each other beast to serve his turn also.  
The fishes of the sea likewise to feed him oft;  
And eke the birds, whose feathers serve to make  
his sides lie soft.

On whose head thou hast set a crown of glory too,  
To whom also thou didst appoint, that honour  
should be do.

And thus thou mad'st him lord of all this work of  
thine;

Of man that goes, of beast that creeps, whose looks  
doth down decline;

Of fish that swim below, of fowls that fly on high,  
Of sea that finds the air his rain, and of the land  
so dry.

And underneath his feet, Thou hast set all this  
same ;  
To make him know, and plain confess, that mar-  
vellous is thy name.  
And, Lord, which art our Lord, how marvellous it  
is found  
The heavens do shew, the earth doth tell, and eke  
the world so round.  
Glory, therefore, be given to Thee first, which art  
Three ;  
And yet but One Almighty God, in substance and  
degree :  
As first it was when Thou the dark confused heap,  
Clotted in one, didst part in four ; which elements  
we clepe :<sup>1</sup>  
And as the same is now, even here within our time ;  
So<sup>2</sup> ever shall hereafter be, when we be filth and  
slime.

<sup>1</sup> We call.

<sup>2</sup> MS. And.

THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.<sup>1</sup>

HEY whisted<sup>2</sup> all, with fixed face attent,  
 When prince Æneas from the royal seat  
 Thus gan to speak. O Queen! it is  
 thy will

I should renew a woe cannot be told;  
 How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow  
 The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:  
 Those ruthful things that I myself beheld;  
 And whereof no small part fell to my share.  
 Which to express, who could refrain from tears?  
 What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?  
 What stern Ulysses' waged soldier?  
 And lo! moist night now from the welkin<sup>3</sup> falls;  
 And stars declining counsel us to rest.  
 But since so great is thy delight to hear  
 Of our mishaps, and Troy's last decay;  
 Though to record the same my mind abhors,  
 And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greeks' chieftains all irked<sup>4</sup> with the war  
 Wherein they wasted had so many years,

<sup>1</sup> The first edition is entitled "Certain Bokes of Virgiles Aenæis turned into English meter by the right honorable lorde, Henry Earle of Surrey. Apud Ricardum Tottel. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum, 1557." At the end, "Imprinted at London in flete strete within Temple barre, at the sygne of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottell the xxi. day of June, An. 1557." 12mo.

<sup>2</sup> Were silent.

<sup>3</sup> The sky.

<sup>4</sup> Wearied,

And oft repuls'd by fatal destiny,  
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,  
By the divine science of Minerva :  
Of cloven fir<sup>1</sup> compacted were his ribs ;  
For their return a feigned sacrifice :  
The fame whereof so wander'd it at point.  
In the dark bulk they clos'd bodies of men  
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth  
The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,  
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood ;  
Now but a bay, and road, unsure for ship.  
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,  
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.  
And, weening<sup>2</sup> we they had been fled and gone,  
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,  
Troy discharged her long continued dole.  
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,  
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,  
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.  
' Here Pyrrhus' band ; there fierce Achilles pight ;  
Here rode their ships ; there did their battles join.'  
Astonnied some the scatheful gift beheld,  
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve ;  
All wond'ring at the hugeness of the horse.

And first of all Timœtes gan advise  
Within the walls to lead and draw the same ;  
And place it eke amid the palace court :  
Whether of guile, or Troyè's fate it would.  
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,  
Will'd it to drown ; or underset with flame

<sup>1</sup> Wood easily set on fire.

<sup>2</sup> Supposing.

The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit ; -  
Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.  
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo ! foremost of a rout that follow'd him,  
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,  
Crying far off : ' O wretched citizens !  
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you ?  
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone ?  
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose -  
Devoid of guile ? Is so Ulysses known ?  
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid ;  
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,  
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.  
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans ! give no trust  
Unto this horse ; for what so ever it be,  
I dread the Greeks ; yea ! when they offer gifts.'  
And with that word, with all his force a dart  
He lanced then into that crooked womb ;  
Which trembling stack, and shook within the side :  
Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.  
And, but for Fates, and for our blind forecast,  
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried ;  
Troy yet had stand, and Priam's towers so high.

Therewith behold, whereas the Phrygian herds  
Brought to the king with clamour, all unknown  
A young man, bound his hands behind his back ;  
Who willingly had yelden prisoner,  
To frame his guile, and open Troy's gates  
Unto the Greeks ; with courage fully bent,  
And mind determed either of the twain ;  
To work his feat, or willing yield to death.  
Near him, to gaze, the Trojan youth gan flock,  
And strave who most might at the captive scorn.



The Greeks' deceit behold, and by one proof  
Imagine all the rest.

For in the press as he unarmed stood  
With troubled cheer, and Phrygian routs beset :  
' Alas !' quod he, ' what earth now, or what seas  
May me receive ? Catiff, what rests me now ?  
For whom in Greece doth no abode remain.  
The Trojans eke offended seek to wreak  
Their heinous wrath, with shedding of my blood.'

With this regret our hearts from rancour moved.  
The bruit appeas'd, we ask'd him of his birth,  
What news he brought ; what hope made him to  
yield.

Then he, all dread removed, thus began :  
' O King ! I shall, what ever me betide,  
Say but the truth : ne first will me deny  
A Grecian born ; for though fortune hath made  
Sinon a wretch, she cannot make him false.  
If ever came unto your ears the name,  
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,  
Whom trait'rously the Greeks condemn'd to die ;  
Guiltless, by wrongful doom, for that he did  
Dissuade the wars ; whose death they now lament ;  
Underneath him my father, bare of wealth,  
Into his band young, and near of his blood,  
In my prime years unto the war me sent.  
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,  
And when his realm did flourish by advice,  
Of glory, then, we bare some fame and bruit.  
But since his death by false Ulysses' sleight,  
(I speak of things to all men well beknown)  
A dreary life in doleful plaint I led,  
Repining at my guiltless friend's mischance.

Ne could I, fool ! refrain my tongue from threats,  
That if my chance were ever to return  
Victor to Arge, to follow my revenge.  
With such sharp words procured I great hate.  
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses ever sith  
With new found crimes began me to affray.  
In common ears false rumours gan he sow :  
Weapons of wreak his guilty mind gan seek.  
Ne rested aye till he by Calchas mean ———  
But whereunto these thankless tales in vain  
Do I rehearse, and linger forth the time,  
In like estate if all the Greeks ye price ?  
It is enough ye here rid me at once.  
Ulysses, Lord ! how he would this rejoice !  
Yea, and either Atride would bye<sup>1</sup> it dear.'

This kindled us more eager to inquire,  
And to demand the cause ; without suspect  
Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,  
Or of Greeks' craft. He then with forged words  
And quivering limbs, thus took his tale again.

'The Greeks ofttimes intended their return  
From Troyè town, with long wars all ytired,  
For to dislodge ; which, would God ! they had done.  
But oft the winter storms of raging seas,  
And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay ;  
And chiefly, when of clinched ribs of fir  
This horse was made, the storms roared in the air.  
Then we in doubt to Phœbus' temple sent  
Euripilus, to weet<sup>2</sup> the prophesy.  
From whence he brought these woful news again.  
With blood, O Greeks ! and slaughter of a maid,

<sup>1</sup> Abide, or suffer.

<sup>2</sup> To learn.

Ye peas'd the winds, when first ye came to Troy.  
With blood likewise ye must seek your return :  
A Greekish soul must offer'd be therefore.'

‘ But when this sound had pierc'd the peoples'  
ears,

With sudden fear astonied were their minds ;  
The chilling cold did overrun their bones,  
To whom that fate was shap'd, whom Phœbus  
would.'

Ulysses then amid the press brings in  
Calchas with noise, and will'd him to discuss  
The Gods' intent. Then some gan deem to me  
The cruel wreak of him that fram'd the craft;  
Foreseeing secretly what would ensue.  
In silence then, yshrowding him from sight,  
But days twice five he whisted ; and refused  
To death, by speech, to further any wight.  
At last, as forced by false Ulysses' cry,  
Of purpose he brake forth, assigning me  
To the altar ; whereto they granted all :  
And that, that erst each one dread to himself,  
Returned all unto my wretched death.  
And now at hand drew near the woful day.  
All things prepar'd wherewith to offer me ;  
Salt, corn, fillets, my temples for to bind.  
I scap'd the death, I grant ! and brake the bands,  
And lurked in a marish all the night  
Among the ooze, while they did set their sails ;  
If it so be that they indeed so did.  
Now rests no hope my native land to see,  
My children dear, nor long desired sire ;  
On whom, perchance, they shall wreak my escape :  
Those harmless wights shall for my fault be slain.

‘Then, by the gods, to whom all truth is known;  
By faith unfil’d, if any anywhere  
With mortal folk remains; I thee beseech,  
O king, thereby rue on my travail great:  
Pity a wretch that guiltless suffereth wrong.’

Life to these tears with pardon eke, we grant.  
And Priam first himself commands to loose  
His gyves, his bands; and friendly to him said:  
‘Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Greeks:  
Henceforth be ours; and answer me with truth:  
Whereto was wrought the mass of this huge horse?  
Whose the devise? and whereto should it tend?  
What holy vow? or engine for the wars?’

Then he, instruct with wiles and Greekish craft,  
His loosed hands lift upward to the stars:  
‘Ye everlasting lamps! I testify,  
Whose power divine may not be violate;  
Th’ altar, and sword,’ quoth he, ‘that I have scap’d;  
Ye sacred bands! I wore as yelden host;  
Lawful be it for me to break mine oath  
To Greeks; lawful to hate their nation;  
Lawful be it to sparkle in the air  
Their secrets all, whatso they keep in close:  
For free am I from Greece and from their laws.  
So be it, Troy, and saved by me from scathe,  
Keep faith with me, and stand to thy behest;  
If I speak truth, and opening things of weight,  
For grant of life requite thee large amends.

‘The Greeks’ whole hope of undertaken war  
In Pallas’ help consisted evermore.  
But sith the time that wicked Diomed,  
Ulysses eke, that forger of all guile,  
Adventur’d from the holy sacred fane

For to bereave Dame Pallas' fatal form,  
And slew the watches of the chiefest tower,  
And then away the holy statue stole ;  
(That were so bold with hands embrued in blood,  
The virgin Goddess veils for to defile)  
Sith that, their hope gan fail, their hope to fall,  
Their pow'r appair, their Goddess' grace withdraw ;  
Which with no doubtful signs she did declare.  
Scarce was the statue to our tents ybrought,  
But she gan stare with sparkled eyes of flame ;  
Along her limbs the salt sweat trickled down :  
Yea thrice herself, a hideous thing to tell !  
In glances bright she glittered from the ground,  
Holding in hand her targe and quivering spear.  
Calchas by sea then bade us haste our flight :  
Whose engines might not break the walls of Troy,  
Unless at Greece they would renew their lots,  
Restore the God that they by sea had brought  
In warped keels. To Arge sith they be come,  
They 'pease their Gods, and war afresh prepare.  
And cross the seas unlooked for eftsoons  
They will return. This order Calchas set.

'This figure made they for th' aggrieved God,  
In Pallas' stead ; to cleanse their heinous fault.  
Which mass he willed to be reared high  
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oak,  
So that your gates ne wall might it receive ;  
Ne yet your people might defended be  
By the good zeal of old devotion.  
For if your hands did Pallas' gift defile,  
To Priam's realm great mischief should befall :  
Which fate the Gods first on himself return.  
But had your own hands brought it in your town,

Asia should pass, and carry offer'd war  
In Greece, e'en to the walls of Pelop's town;  
And we and ours that destiny endure.'

By such like wiles of Sinon, the forsworn,  
His tale with us did purchase credit; some,  
Trapt by deceit; some, forced by his tears;  
Whom neither Diomed, nor great Achille,  
Nor ten years war, ne a thousand sail could daunt.

Us caitiffs then a far more dreadful chance  
Befel, that troubled our unarmed breasts.  
Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by lot  
Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull  
Before the holy altar; suddenly  
From Tenedon, behold! in circles great  
By the calm seas come fleeting adders twain,  
Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)  
With reared breast lift up above the seas:  
Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen;  
The hinder part swam hidden in the flood.  
Their grisly backs were linked manifold.  
With sound of broken waves they gat the strand,  
With glowing eyen, tainted with blood and fire;  
Whose waltring tongues did lick their hissing  
mouths.

We fled away; our face the blood forsook:  
But they with gait direct to Lacon ran.  
And first of all each serpent doth enwrap  
The bodies small of his two tender sons;  
Whose wretched limbs they bit, and fed thereon.  
Then raught they him, who had his weapon caught  
To rescue them; twice winding him about,  
With folded knots and circled tails, his waist:  
Their sealed backs did compass twice his neck,

With reared heads aloft and stretched throats.  
He with his hands strave to unloose the knots,  
(Whose sacred fillets all-besprinkled were  
With filth of gory blood, and venom rank)  
And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,  
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows,  
Which from the halter wounded doth astart,  
The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.  
The serpents twine, with hasted trail they glide  
To Pallas' temple, and her towers of height :  
Under the feet of which the Goddess stern,  
Hidden behind her target's boss they crept.  
New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling  
breasts.

They said ; Lacon's deserts had dearly bought  
His heinous deed ; that pierced had with steel  
The sacred bulk, and thrown the wicked lance.  
The people cried with sundry greeing shouts  
To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive ;<sup>1</sup>  
In hope thereby the Goddess' wrath t' appease.  
We cleft the walls and closures of the town ;  
Whereto all help : and underset the feet  
With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.  
This fatal gin thus overclamb our walls,  
Stuft with arm'd men ; about the which there ran  
Children and maids,<sup>2</sup> that holy carols sang ;  
And well were they whose hands might touch the  
cords !

With threat'ning cheer thus slid through our  
town

The subtle tree, to Pallas' temple-ward.

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> That is, boys and girls.



O native land ! Ilion ! and of the gods  
The mansion place ! O warlike walls of Troy !  
Four times it stopt in th' entry of our gate ;  
Four times the harness<sup>1</sup> clatter'd in the womb.  
But we go on, unsound of memory,  
And blinded eke by rage persever still :  
This fatal monster in the fane we place.

Cassandra then, inspired with Phœbus sprite,  
Her prophet's lips, yet never of us 'lieved,  
Disclosed eft ; forespeaking things to come.  
We wretches, lo ! that last day of our life  
With boughs of fest<sup>2</sup> the town, and temples deck.

With this the sky gan whirl about the sphere :  
The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,  
With mantles spread that cloaked earth and skies,  
And eke the treason of the Greekish guile.  
The watchmen lay dispers'd to take their rest ;  
Whose wearied limbs sound sleep had then op-  
press'd :

When, well in order comes the Grecian fleet  
From Tenedon, toward the coasts well known,  
By friendly silence of the quiet moon.  
When the king's ship put forth his mark of fire,  
Sinon, preserved by froward destiny,  
Let forth the Greeks enclosed in the womb :  
The closures eke of pine by stealth unpinn'd,  
Whereby the Greeks restored were to air.  
With joy down hasting from the hollow tree,  
With cords let down did slide unto the ground  
The great captains ; Sthenel, and Thessander,  
And fierce Ulysses, Athamas, and Thoas ;  
Machaon first, and then king Menelae ;

<sup>1</sup> Arms, armour.

<sup>2</sup> Mirth.



Opeas eke that did the engine forge.  
By cords let fall fast 'gan they slide adown,  
And straight invade the town yburied then  
With wine and sleep. And first the watch is slain:  
Then gates unfold to let their fellows in,  
They join themselves with the conjured bands.

It was the time when granted from the Gods  
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk.  
Lo! in my dream before mine eyes, methought,  
With rueful cheer I saw where Hector stood,  
(Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears)  
Drawn at a car as he of late had be,  
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowln<sup>1</sup>  
With the strait cords wherewith they haled him.  
Ay me, what one? that Hector how unlike,  
Which erst return'd clad with Achilles' spoils;  
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships  
The Trojan flame! so was his beard defiled,  
His crisped locks all clust'ed with his blood,  
With all such wounds, as many he received  
About the walls of that his native town.  
Whom frankly thus, methought, I spake unto,  
With bitter tears and doleful deadly voice:  
'O Troyan light! O only hope of thine!  
What lets so long thee staid? or from what coasts,  
Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?  
Whom, after slaughter of thy many friends,  
And travail of the people, and thy town,  
All-wearied lord! how gladly we behold!  
What sorry chance hath stain'd thy lively face?  
Or why see I these wounds, alas! so wide?'  
He answer'd nought, nor in my vain demands

<sup>1</sup> Swollen.

Abode ; but from the bottom of his breast  
Sighing he said : ' Flee, flee, O goddess' son !  
And save thee from the fury of this flame.  
Our en'mies now are masters of the walls ;  
And Troyè town now falleth from the top.  
Sufficeth that is done for Priam's reign.  
If force might serve to succour Troyè town,  
This right hand well might have been her defence.  
But Troyè now commendeth to thy charge  
Her holy reliques, and her privy Gods.  
Them join to thee, as fellows of thy fate.  
Large walls rear thou for them : for so thou shalt,  
After time spent in th' overwand'red flood.'  
This said, he brought forth Vesta in his hands ;  
Her fillets eke, and everlasting flame.

In this mean while with diverse plaint, the town  
Throughout was spread ; and louder more and  
more

The din resounded : with rattling of arms,  
Although mine old Father Anchises' house  
Removed stood, with shadow hid of trees,  
I waked : therewith to the house-top I clamb,  
And hark'ning stood I : like as when the flame  
Lights in the corn, by drift of boisterous wind ;  
Or the swift stream that driveth from the hill,  
Roots up the fields, and presseth the ripe corn,  
And ploughed ground, and overwhelms the grove :  
The silly herdman all astonnied stands,  
From the high rock while he doth hear the sound.

Then the Greeks' faith, then their deceit ap-  
peared.

Of Deiphobus the palace large and great  
Fell to the ground, all overspread with flash.

His next neighbour Ucalegon afire :  
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.  
Up sprang the cry of men, and trumpets blast.  
Then, as distraught, I did my armour on ;  
Ne could I tell yet whereto arms avail'd.  
But with our feres to throng out from the press  
Toward the tower, our hearts brent with desire.  
Wrath prick'd us forth ; and unto us it seemed  
A seemly thing to die arm'd in the field.

Wherewith Panthus scap'd from the Greekish  
darts,

Otreus' son, Phœbus' priest, brought in hand  
The sacred reliques, and the vanquish'd Gods :  
And in his hand his little nephew led ;  
And thus, as phren'tic, to our gates he ran.  
' Panthus,' quod I, ' in what estate stand we ?  
Or for refuge what fortress shall we take ?'  
Scarce spake I this, when wailing thus he said :  
' The later day and fate of Troy is come ;  
The which no plaint or prayer may avail.  
Troyans we were ; and Troyè was sometime,  
And of great fame the Teucrian glory erst :  
Fierce Jove to Greece hath now transposed all.  
The Greeks are lords over this fired town.  
Yonder huge horse, that stands amid our walls,  
Sheds armed men : and Sinon, victor now,  
With scorn of us doth set all things on flame.  
And, rushed in at our unfolded gates,  
Are thousands mo' than ever came from Greece.  
And some with weapons watch the narrow streets ;  
With bright swords drawn, to slaughter ready  
bent.

And scarce the watches of the gate began

Them to defend, and with blind fight resist.'

Through Panthus' words, and lightning of the  
Gods,

Amid the flame and arms ran I in press,  
As fury guided me, and whereas I had heard  
The cry greatest that made the air resound.  
Into our band then fell old Iphytus,  
And Rypheus, that met us by moonlight;  
Dymas and Hypanis joining to our side,  
With young Chorebus, Mygdonius' son ;  
Which in those days at Troy did arrive,  
(Burning with rage of dame Cassandra's love)  
In Priam's aid, and rescue of his town.  
Unhappy he ! that would no credit give  
Unto his spouse's words of prophecy.

Whom when I saw, assembled in such wise,  
So desperately the battle to desire ;  
Then furthermore thus said I unto them :  
' O ! ye young men, of courage stout in vain !  
For nought ye strive to save the burning town.  
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see !  
The Gods out of the temples all are fled,  
Through whose might long this empire was main-  
tain'd :

Their altars eke are left both waste and void.  
But if your will be bent with me to prove  
That uttermost, that now may us befall ;  
Then let us die, and run amid our foes.  
To vanquish'd folk, despair is only hope.'

With this the young men's courage did increase ;  
And through the dark, like to the ravening wolves  
Whom raging fury of their empty maws  
Drives from their den, leaving with hungry throats

Their whelps behind; among our foes we ran,  
Upon their swords, unto apparent death;  
Holding alway the chief street of the town,  
Cover'd with the close shadows of the night.

Who can express the slaughter of that night?  
Or tell the number of the corpses slain?  
Or can in tears bewail them worthily?  
The ancient famous city falleth down,  
That many years did hold such seignory.  
With senseless bodies every street is spread,  
Each palace, and sacred porch of the gods.  
Nor yet alone the Trojan blood was shed.  
Manhood ofttimes into the vanquish'd breast  
Returns, whereby some victors Greeks are slain.  
Cruel complaints, and terror everywhere,  
And plenty of grisly pictures of death.

And first with us Androgeus there met,  
Fellowed<sup>1</sup> with a swarming rout of Greeks,  
Deeming us, unware, of that fellowship,  
With friendly words whom thus he call'd unto:  
'Haste ye, my friends! what sloth hath tarried you?  
Your feres now sack and spoil the burning Troy:  
From the tall ships where ye but newly come.'

When he had said, and heard no answer made  
To him again, whereto he might give trust;  
Finding himself chanced amid his foes,  
'Maz'd he withdrew his foot back with his word:  
Like him, that wand'ring in the bushes thick,  
Treads on the adder with his reckless foot,  
Reared for wrath, swelling her speckled neck,  
Dismay'd, gives back all suddenly for fear:

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps "followed."

Androgeus so fear'd of that sight stept back,  
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout ;  
When, here and there we did them overthrow,  
Stricken with dread, unskilful of the place.  
Our first labour thus lucked well with us.

Chorebus then, encouraged by his chance,  
Rejoicing said : ' Hold forth the way of health,  
My feres, that hap and manhood hath us taught.  
Change we our shields ; the Greeks' arms do we on :  
Craft, or manhood, with foes what recks it which ?  
The slain to us their armour they shall yield.'  
And with that word Androgeus' crested helm  
And the rich arms of his shield did he on ;  
A Greekish sword he girded by his side :  
Like gladly Dimas and Ripheus did :  
The whole youth gan them clad in the new spoils.  
Mingled with Greeks, for no good luck to us,  
We went, and gave many onsets that night,  
And many a Greek we sent to Pluto's court.  
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,  
And to their coasts of safeguard ran again.  
And some there were for shameful cowardry,  
Clamb up again unto the hugy horse,  
And did them hide in his well knowen womb.

Ay me ! bootless it is for any wight  
To hope on aught against will of the gods.  
Lo ! where Cassandra, Priam's daughter dear,  
From Pallas' church was drawn with sparkled tress,  
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heaven ;  
Her eyen, for fast her tender wrists were bound.  
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bear,  
Reckless of death, but thrust amid the throng ;  
And after we through thickest of the swords.

Here were we first y-batter'd with the darts  
Of our own feres, from the high temples' top ;  
Whereby of us great slaughter did ensue,  
Mistaken by our Greekish arms and crests.  
Then flock'd the Greeks moved with wrath and ire,  
Of the Virgin from them so rescued.  
The fell Ajax ; and either Atrides,  
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.  
As wrestling winds, out of dispersed whirl  
Befight themselves, the west with southern blast,  
And gladsome east proud of Aurora's horse ;  
The woods do whiz ; and foamy Nereus  
Raging in fury, with three forked mace  
From bottom's depth doth welter up the seas ;  
So came the Greeks. And such, as by deceit  
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,  
And drave about our town, appeared first :  
Our feigned shields and weapons then they found,  
And, by sound, our discording voice they knew.  
We went to wreck with number overlaid.  
And by the hand of Peneleus first  
Chorebus fell before the altar dead  
Of armed Pallas ; and Rhipheus eke,  
The justest man among the Troians all,  
And he that best observed equity.  
But otherwise it pleased now the Gods.  
There Hypanis, and Dymas, both were slain ;  
Through pierced with the weapons of their feres.  
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou wast overthrown,  
Pity, nor zeal of good devotion,  
Nor habit yet of Phœbus hid from scath.

Ye Trojan ashes ! and last flames of mine !  
I call in witness, that at your last fall



I fled no stroke of any Greekish sword.  
And if the fates would I had fallen in fight,  
That with my hand I did deserve it well.

With this from thence I was recoiled back  
With Iphytus and Pelias alone :  
Iphytus weak, and feeble all for age ;  
Pelias lamed by Ulysses' hand.  
To Priam's palace cry did call us then.  
Here was the fight right hideous to behold ;  
As though there had no battle been but there,  
Or slaughter made elsewhere throughout the town.  
A fight of rage and fury there we saw.  
The Greeks toward the palace rushed fast,  
And cover'd with engines the gates beset,  
And reared up ladders against the walls ;  
Under the windows scaling by their steps,  
Fenced with shields in their left hands, whereon  
They did receive the darts; while their right hands  
Griped for hold th' embattle of the wall.  
The Troyans on the other part rend down  
The turrets high, and eke the palace roof;  
With such weapons they shope them to defend,  
Seeing all lost, now at the point of death.  
The gilt spars, and the beams then threw they -  
down ;  
Of old fathers the proud and royal works.  
And with drawn swords some did beset the gates,  
Which they did watch, and keep in routs full thick.  
Our sprites restor'd to rescue the king's house,  
To help them, and to give the vanquish'd strength.  
A postern with a blind wicket there was,  
A common trade to pass through Priam's house ;  
On the back side whereof waste houses stood :



Which way eft-sithes,<sup>1</sup> while that our kingdom  
dured,

Th' infortunate Andromache alone  
Resorted to the parents of her make ;  
With young Astyanax, his grandsire to see.  
Here passed I up to the highest tower,  
From whence the wretched Troyans did throw  
down

Darts, spent in waste. Unto a turret then  
We stept, the which stood in a place aloft,  
The top whereof did reach well near the stars ;  
Where we were wont all Troyè to behold,  
The Greekish navy, and their tents also.  
With instruments of iron gan we pick,  
To seek where we might find the joining shrunk  
From that high seat; which we razed, and threw  
down :

Which falling, gave forthwith a rushing sound,  
And large in breadth on Greekish routs it light.  
But soon another sort stept in their stead ;  
No stone unthrown, nor yet no dart uncast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus in the porch  
Rejoicing in his darts, with glittering arms ;  
Like to th' adder with venemous herbès fed,  
Whom cold winter all bolne, hid under ground ;  
And shining bright, when she her slough had slung,  
Her slipper back doth roll, with forked tongue  
And raised breast, lift up against the sun.  
With that together came great Periphas ;  
Automedon eke, that guided had some time  
Achilles' horse, now Pyrrhus armour bare ;  
And eke with him the warlike Seyrian youth

<sup>1</sup> Oft-times.

Assail'd the house ; and threw flame to the top.  
And he an axe before the foremost raught,  
Wherewith he gan the strong gates hew, and break ;  
From whence he beat the staples out of brass,  
He brake the bars, and through the timber pierc'd  
So large a hole, whereby they might discern  
The house, the court, and secret chambers eke  
Of Priamus, and ancient kings of Troy ;  
And armed foes in th' entry of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was,  
With wailing, and with rueful shrieks and cries ;  
The hollow halls did howl of women's plaint :  
The clamour strake up to the golden stars.  
The fray'd<sup>1</sup> mothers, wand'ring through the wide  
house,

Embracing pillars, did them hold and kiss.  
Pyrrhus assaileth with his father's might ;  
Whom the closures ne keepers might hold out.  
With often pushed ram the gate did shake ;  
The posts beat down, removed from their hooks :  
By force they made the way, and th' entry brake.  
And now the Greeks let in, the foremost slew :  
And the large palace with soldiers gan to fill.  
Not so fiercely doth overflow the fields  
The foaming flood, that breaks out of his banks ;  
Whose rage of waters bears away what heaps  
Stand in his way, the cotes, and eke the herds.  
As in th' entry of slaughter furious  
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Heecuba I saw, with a hundred mo'  
Of her sons' wives, and Priam at the altar,

<sup>1</sup> Frightened.

Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.  
Fifty bed-chambers of his children's wives,  
With loss of so great hope of his offspring,  
The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,  
And with the spoils of other nations,  
Fell to the ground: and what so that with flame  
Untouched was, the Greeks did all possess.

Percase<sup>1</sup> you would ask what was Priam's fate?  
When of his taken town he saw the chance,  
And the gates of his palace beaten down,  
His foes amid his secret chambers eke:  
Th' old man in vain did on his shoulders then,  
Trembling for age, his cuirass long disused:  
His bootless sword he girded him about;  
And ran amid his foes, ready to die.

Amid the court, under the heaven, all bare,  
A great altar there stood, by which there grew  
An old laurel tree, bowing thereunto,  
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.  
Here Hecuba, with her young daughters all  
About the altar swarmed were in vain;  
Like doves, that flock together in the storm,  
The statues of the Gods embracing fast.  
But when she saw Priam had taken there  
His armour, like as though he had been young:  
'What furious thought my wretched spouse,'  
quod she,  
'Did move thee now such weapons for to wield?  
Why hastest thou? This time doth not require  
Such succour, ne yet such defenders now:  
No, though Hector my son were here again.

<sup>1</sup> By chance.

Come hither ; this altar shall save us all :  
Or we shall die together.' Thus she said.  
Wherewith she drew him back to her, and set  
The aged man down in the holy seat.

But lo ! Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,  
Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,  
Searching, all wounded, the long galleries  
And the void courts; whom Pyrrhus all in rage  
Followed fast to reach a mortal wound ;  
And now in hand, well near strikes with his spear.  
Who fleeing forth till he came now in sight  
Of his parents, before their face fell down  
Yielding the ghost with flowing streams of blood.  
Priamus then, although he were half dead,  
Might not keep in his wrath, nor yet his words ;  
But crieth out : ' For this thy wicked work,  
And boldness eke such thing to enterprise,  
If in the heavens any justice be,  
That of such things takes any care or keep,  
According thanks the Gods may yield to thee ;  
And send thee eke thy just deserved hire,  
That made me see the slaughter of my child,  
And with his blood defile the father's face.  
But he, by whom thou feign'st thyself begot,  
Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.  
For, lo ! he tend'ring my most humble suit,  
The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodless corpse  
Render'd, for to be laid in sepulture ;  
And sent me to my kingdom home again.'

Thus said the aged man, and therewithal,  
Forceless he cast his weak unwieldy dart :  
Which repuls'd from the brass where it gave dint,

Without sound, hung vainly in the shield's boss.  
Quod Pyrrhus: 'Then thou shalt this thing report:

On message to Pelide my father go ;  
Shew unto him my cruel deed , and how  
Neoptolem is swerved out of kind.  
Now shalt thou die,' quod he. And with that word  
At the altar him trembling 'gan he draw  
Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son :  
And his left hand all clasped in his hair,  
With his right arm drew forth his shining sword,  
Which in his side he thrust up to the hilts.  
Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,  
The woful end that was allotted him,  
When he had seen his palace all on flame,  
With ruin of his Trojan turrets eke.  
That royal prince of Asia, which of late  
Reign'd over so many peoples and realms,  
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore ;  
His head and shoulders parted been in twain :  
A body now without renown and fame.

Then first in me enter'd the grisly fear :  
Dismay'd I was. Wherewith came to my mind  
The image eke of my dear father, when  
I thus beheld the king of equal age,  
Yield up the spirit with wounds so cruelly.  
Then thought I of Creusa left alone ;  
And of my house in danger of the spoil,  
And the estate of young Iulus eke.  
I looked back to seek what number then  
I might discern about me of my feres :  
But wearied they had left me all alone.  
Some to the ground were lopen from above,

Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.

There was no mo' but I left of them all,  
When that I saw in Vesta's temple sit,  
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place ;  
(Such light the flame did give as I went by,  
While here and there I cast mine eyen about :)  
For she in dread lest that the Troians should  
Revenge on her the ruin of their walls ;  
And of the Greeks the cruel wrecks also ;  
The fury eke of her forsaken make,  
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Greece !  
Hateful she sat beside the altars hid.  
Then boil'd my breast with flame, and burning  
wrath,

To revenge my town, unto such ruin brought ;  
With worthy pains on her to work my will.  
Thought I : " Shall she pass to the land of Sparte  
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,  
And like a queen return with victory  
Home to her spouse, her parents, and children,  
Followed with a train of Trojan maids,  
And served with a band of Phrygian slaves ;  
A Priam eke with iron murder'd thus,  
And Troyè town consumed all with flame,  
Whose shore hath been so oft for-bathed in blood ?  
No ! no ! for though on women the revenge  
Unseemly is ; such conquest hath no fame :  
To give an end unto such mischief yet  
My just revenge shall merit worthy praise ;  
And quiet eke my mind, for to be wroke<sup>1</sup>  
On her which was the causer of this flame,  
And satisfy the cinder of my feres.'

<sup>1</sup> Avenged.

With furious mind while I did argue thus,  
My blessed mother then appear'd to me,  
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had never seen,  
And with pure light she glistred in the night,  
Disclosing her in form a goddess like,  
As she doth seem to such as dwell in heaven.  
My right hand then she took, and held it fast,  
And with her rosy lips thus did she say:  
' Son ! what fury hath thus provoked thee  
To such untamed wrath ? what ragest thou ?  
Or where is now become the care of us ?  
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left  
Anchises, thy father fordone with age ?  
Doth Creusa live, and Ascanius thy son ?  
Whom now the Greekish bands have round beset :  
And were they not defenced by my cure,  
Flame had them raught,<sup>1</sup> and en'mies' sword ere  
this.

Not Helen's beauty hateful unto thee,  
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods' wrath  
Reft you this wealth, and overthrew your town.  
Behold ! (and I shall now the cloud remove,  
Which overcast thy mortal sight doth dim ;  
Whose moisture doth obscure all things about :  
And fear not thou to do thy mother's will,  
Nor her advice refuse thou to perform :)  
Here, where thou see'st the turrets overthrown,  
Stone beat from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,  
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walls,  
And eke the loose foundations of the same,  
And overwhelms the whole town from his seat :  
And cruel Juno with the foremost here

<sup>1</sup> Reached.

Doth keep the gate that Scea cleped<sup>1</sup> is,  
Near woode<sup>2</sup> for wrath, whereas she stands, and calls  
In harness bright the Greeks out of their ships :  
And in the turrets high behold where stands  
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike weed,  
And with her shield, where Gorgon's head appears :  
And Jupiter, my father, distributes  
Availing strength, and courage to the Greeks ;  
Yet overmore, against the Trojan power  
He doth provoke the rest of all the Gods.  
Flee then, my son, and give this travail end ;  
Ne shall I thee forsake, in safeguard till  
I have thee brought unto thy father's gate.'  
This did she say : and therewith gan she hide  
Herself, in shadow of the close night.

Then dreadful figures gan appear to me,  
And great Gods eke aggrieved with our town.  
I saw Troyè fall down in burning gledes ;  
Neptunus town, clean razed from the soil.  
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains high,  
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen  
With thick assaults strive to tear up, doth threat ;  
And hack'd beneath trembling doth bend his top,  
Till yold<sup>3</sup> with strokes, giving the latter crack,  
Rent from the height, with ruin it doth fall.

With this I went, and guided by a God  
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame :  
Their weapons and the fire eke gave me place.  
And when that I was come before the gates,  
And ancient building of my father's house ;  
My father, whom I hoped to convey  
To the next hills, and did him thereto 'treat,

<sup>1</sup> Called.<sup>2</sup> Furious.<sup>3</sup> Yielded.



Refused either to prolong his life,  
 Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.  
 'All ye,' quod he, 'in whom young blood is fresh,  
 Whose strength remains entire and in full power,  
 Take ye your flight.

For if the Gods my life would have prorogued,  
 They had reserved for me this winning place.<sup>1</sup>  
 It was enough, alas! and eke too much,  
 To see the town of Troy thus razed once;  
 To have lived after the city taken.  
 When ye have said, this corpse laid out forsake;  
 My hand shall seek my death, and pity shall  
 Mine en'mies move, or else hope of my spoil.  
 As for my grave, I weigh the loss but light:  
 For I my years, disdainful to the Gods,  
 Have lingered forth, unable to all needs,  
 Since that the sire of Gods and king of men  
 Strake me with thunder, and with levening blast.'  
 Such things he gan rehearse, thus firmly bent:  
 But we besprent with tears, my tender son,  
 And eke my sweet Creusa, with the rest  
 Of the household, my father 'gan beseech,  
 Not so with him to perish all at once,  
 Nor so to yield unto the cruel fate:  
 Which he refused, and stack to his intent.

Driven I was to harness then again,  
 Miserably my death for to desire.  
 For what advice, or other hope was left?  
 'Father! thought'st thou that I may once remove,'  
 Quod I, 'a foot, and leave thee here behind?  
 May such a wrong pass from a father's mouth?  
 If God's will be, that nothing here be saved

<sup>1</sup> Dwelling-place.

Of this great town, and thy mind bent to join  
Both thee and thine to ruin of this town :  
The way is plain this death for to attain.  
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priam's blood,  
That gor'd the son before the father's face,  
And slew the father at the altar eke.  
O sacred Mother ! was it then for this  
That you me led through flame, and weapons sharp,  
That I might in my secret chamber see  
Mine en'mies ; and Ascanius my son,  
My father, with Creusa my sweet wife,  
Murder'd, alas ! the one in th' others' blood ?  
Why, servants ! then, bring me my arms again.  
The latter day us vanquished doth call.  
Render me now to the Greeks' sight again :  
And let me see the fight begun of new ;  
We shall not all unwroken<sup>1</sup> die this day.'

About me then I girt my sword again,  
And eke my shield on my left shoulder cast,  
And bent me so to rush out of the house.  
Lo ! in my gate my spouse, clasping my feet,  
For against his father young Iulus set.  
'If thou wilt go,' quod she, 'and spill thyself,  
Take us with thee in all that may betide.  
But as expert if thou in arms have set  
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,  
Whereas thy son, and eke thy father dear,  
And I, sometime thine own dear wife, are left.'  
Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus fill'd the  
house ;

When that a sudden monstrous marvel fell :  
For in their sight, and woful parents' arms,

<sup>1</sup> Unrevenged.

Behold a light out of the button sprang  
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand ;  
With gentle touch whose harmless flame did shine  
Upon his hair, about his temples spread.  
And we afraid, trembling for dreadful fear,  
Bet out the fire from his blazing tress,  
And with water 'gan quench the sacred flame.

Anchises glad his eyen lift to the stars ;  
With hands his voice to heaven thus he bent.  
' If by prayer, almighty Jupiter,  
Inclined thou mayst be, behold us then  
Of ruth<sup>1</sup> at least, if we so much deserve.  
Grant eke thine aid, Father ! confirm this thing.

Scarce had the old man said, when that the  
                  heavens

With sudden noise thunder'd on the left hand :  
Out of the sky, by the dark night there fell  
A blazing star, dragging a brand or flame,  
Which with much light gliding on the house top,  
In the forest of Ida hid her beams ;  
The which full bright cendleing<sup>2</sup> a furrow, shone,  
By a long tract appointing us the way ;  
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.

My father vanquish'd then, beheld the skies,  
Spake to the Gods, and th' holy star adored :  
' Now, now,' quod he, ' no longer I abide :  
Follow I shall where ye my guide at hand.  
O native Gods ! your family defend ;  
Preserve your line, this warning comes of you,  
And Troyè stands in your protection now.  
Now give I place, and whereso that thou go,  
Refuse I not, my son, to be thy fere.'

<sup>1</sup> Of pity.

<sup>2</sup> Kindling.

This did he say ; and by that time more clear  
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walls,  
And more and more the burning heat drew near.  
' Why then ! have done, my father dear,' quod I,  
' Bestride my neck forthwith, and sit thereon,  
And I shall with my shoulders thee sustain,  
Ne shall this labour do me any dere.  
What so betide, come peril, come welfare,  
Like to us both and common there shall be.  
Young Iulus shall bear me company ;  
And my wife shall follow far off my steps.  
Now ye, my servants, mark well what I say :  
Without the town ye shall find, on a hill,  
An old temple there stands, whereas some time  
Worship was done to Ceres the Goddess ;  
Beside which grows an aged cypress tree,  
Preserved long by our forefathers' zeal :  
Behind which place let us together meet.  
And thou, Father, receive into thy hands  
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land :  
The which it were not lawful I should touch,  
That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,  
Till I be washed in the running flood.'

When I had said these words, my shoulders broad,  
And laied neck with garments 'gan I spread,  
And thereon cast a yellow lion's skin ;  
And thereupon my burden I receive.  
Young Iulus clasped in my right hand,  
Followeth me fast with unegal pace ;  
And at my back my wife. Thus did we pass  
By places shadowed most with the night.  
And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw,  
Nor press of Argive routs could make amaz'd,

Each whisp'ring wind hath power now to fray,  
And every sound to move my doubtful mind :  
So much I dread my burden, and my fere.

And now we 'gan draw near unto the gate,  
Right well escap'd the danger, as me thought,  
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.  
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,  
Cried on me, 'Flee, son ! they are at hand.'  
With that bright shields, and shene armours I saw.  
But then I know not what unfriendly God  
My troubled wit from me bereft for fear :  
For while I ran by the most secret streets,  
Eschewing still the common haunted track,  
From me catif, alas ! bereaved was  
Creusa then, my spouse, I wot not how ;  
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,  
Or that she was by weariness retain'd :  
But never sith these eyes might her behold ;  
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost,  
Ne never backward turned I my mind,  
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood  
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

And when that we were there assembled all,  
She was only away, deceiving us  
Her spouse, her son, and all her company.  
What God or man did I not then accuse,  
Near woode for ire ? or what more cruel chance  
Did hap to me, in all Troy's overthrow ?  
Ascanius to my feres I then betook,  
With Anchises, and eke the Trojan Gods.  
And left them hid within a valley deep.  
And to the town I 'gan me hie again,  
Clad in bright arms, and bent for to renew

Aventures past, to search throughout the town,  
And yield my head to perils once again.

And first the walls and dark entry I sought  
Of the same gate whereat I issued out ;  
Holding backward the steps where we had come  
In the dark night, looking all round about :  
In every place the ugsome sights I saw ;  
'The silence self of night aghast my sprite.  
From hence again I pass'd unto our house,  
If she by chance had been returned home.  
The Greeks were there, and had it all beset :  
The wasting fire, blown up by drift of wind,  
Above the roofs the blazing flame sprang up ;  
The sound whereof with fury pierced the skies.  
To Priam's palace, and the castle then  
I made ; and there at Juno's sanctuair,  
In the void porches, Phenix, Ulysses eke  
Stern guardians stood, watching of the spoil.  
The riches here were set, reft from the brent  
Temples of Troy : the tables of the Gods,  
'The vessels eke that were of massy gold,  
And vestures spoil'd, were gather'd all in heap :  
The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright,  
Long ranged on a row stood round about.

So bold was I to show my voice that night  
With clepes and cries to fill the streets through-  
out,  
With Creuse' name in sorrow, with vain tears ;  
And often sithes the same for to repeat.  
The town restless with fury as I sought,  
Th' unlucky figure of Creusa's ghost,  
Of stature more than wont, stood 'fore mine eyen.  
Abashed then I woxe : therewith my hair

'Gan start right up : my voice stack in my throat :  
When with such words she 'gan my heart remove :  
'What helps, to yield unto such furious rage,  
Sweet spouse ?' quod she, 'Without will of the  
Gods

This chanced not : ne lawful was for thee  
To lead away Creusa hence with thee :  
The King of the high heaven suff'reth it not.  
A long exile thou art assigned to bear,  
Long to furrow large space of stormy seas :  
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,  
Where Lidian Tiber with his gentle stream  
Mildly doth flow along the fruitful fields.  
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee ;  
There a king's child prepar'd to be thy make.  
For thy beloved Creusa stint thy tears :  
For now shall I not see the proud abodes  
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes :  
Ne I, a Trojan lady, and the wife  
Unto the son of Venus, the Goddess,  
Shall go a slave to serve the Greekish dames.  
Me here the God's great mother holds.——  
And now farewell : and keep in father's breast  
The tender love of thy young son and mine.'

This having said, she left me all in tears,  
And minding much to speak ; but she was gone,  
And subtly fled into the weightless air.  
Thrice raught I with mine arms t' accoll<sup>1</sup> her neck :  
Thrice did my hands vain hold th' image escape,  
Like nimble winds, and like the flying dream.  
So night spent out, return I to my feres ;  
And there wond'ring I find together swarm'd

<sup>1</sup> To embrace.

A new number of mates, mothers, and men,  
A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,  
From each-where flock together, prest to pass  
With heart and goods, to whatsoever land  
By sliding seas, me listed them to lead.  
And now rose Lucifer above the ridge  
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light.  
The Greeks held th' entries of the gates beset :  
Of help there was no hope. Then gave I place,  
Took up my sire, and hasted to the hill.







THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.



UT now the wounded Queen, with  
heavy care,  
Throughout the veins she nourisheth  
the plaie,  
Surprised with blind flame; and to  
her mind

'Gan eke resort the prowess of the man,  
And honour of his race: while in her breast  
Imprinted stak his words, and pictures form.  
Ne to her limbs care granteth quiet rest.

The next morrow, with Phœbus' lamp the earth  
Alighted clear; and eke the dawning day  
The shadows dark 'gan from the pole remove:  
When all unsound, her sister of like mind  
Thus spake she to: 'O! Sister Anne, what dreams  
Be these, that me tormented thus affray?  
What new guest is this, that to our realm is come?  
What one of cheer? how stout of heart in arms?  
Truly I think (ne vain is my belief)  
Of Goddish race some offspring should he be:

Cowardry notes hearts swerved out of kind.  
He driven, lord ! with how hard destiny !  
What battles eke achieved did he recount !  
But that my mind is fixt unmovably,  
Never with wight in wedlock aye to join,  
Sith my first love me left by death dissever'd ;  
If genial brands and bed me loathed not,  
To this one guilt perchance yet might I yield.  
Anne, for I grant, sith wretched Sichee's death,  
My spouse and house with brother's slaughter  
    stain'd,

This only man hath made my senses bend,  
And pricked forth the mind that 'gan to slide :  
Now feelingly I taste the steps of mine old flame.  
But first I wish the earth me swallow down,  
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send  
To the pale ghosts of hell, and darkness deep ;  
Ere I thee stain, shamefastness, or thy laws.  
He that with me first coupled, took away  
My love with him ; enjoy it in his grave.'

Thus did she say, and with surpris'd tears  
Bain'd her breast. Whereto Anne thus replied :

' O Sister, dearer beloved than the light :  
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill ?  
Ne children sweet, ne Venus' gifts wilt know ?  
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this ? or gravedghosts ?  
Time of thy doole,<sup>1</sup> thy spouse new dead, I grant,  
None might thee move : no, not the Libyan king,  
Nor yet of Tyre ; Iarbas set so light,  
And other princes mo' ; whom the rich soil  
Of Afric breeds, in honours triumphant.  
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked love ?

<sup>1</sup> Dole, or grief.

Comes not to mind upon whose land thou dwell'st ?  
On this side, lo ! the Getule town behold,  
A people bold, unvanquished in war ;  
Eke the undaunted Numides compass thee ;  
Also the Sirtes unfriendly harbrough.  
On th' other hand, a desert realm for-thrust,  
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.  
What shall I touch the wars that move from Tyre ?  
Or yet thy brother's threats ?——  
By Gods purveyance it blew, and Juno's help,  
The Troiaynes ships, I think, to run this course.  
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become ?  
Through such ally how shall our kingdom rise ?  
And by the aid of Trojan arms how great ?  
How many ways shall Carthages glory grow ?  
Thou only now beseech the Gods of grace  
By sacrifice : which ended, to thy house  
Receive him, and forge causes of abode :  
Whiles winter frets the seas, and wat'ry Orion,  
'The ships shaken, unfriendly the season.'

Such words inflamed the kindled mind with love,  
Loosed all shame, and gave the doubtful hope.  
And to the temples first they haste, and seek  
By sacrifice for grace, with hogrels<sup>1</sup> of two years,  
Chosen, as ought, to Ceres that gave laws,  
To Phœbus, Bacchus, and to Juno chief,  
Which hath in care the bands of marriage.  
Fair Dido held in her right hand the cup,  
Which 'twixt the horns of a white cow she shed  
In presence of the Gods, passing before  
The altars fat ; which she renewed oft  
With gifts that day, and beasts deboweled ;

<sup>2</sup> Sheep two years old.

Gazing for counsel on the entrails warm.  
Ay me ! unskilful minds of prophesy !  
Temples or vows, what boot they in her rage ?  
A gentle flame the marrow doth devour,  
Whiles in the breast the silent wound keeps life.  
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage  
Throughout the town she wand'reth up and down.  
Like the stricken hind with shaft, in Crete  
Throughout the woods which chasing with his dart  
Aloof, the shepherd smiteth at unwares,  
And leaves unwist in her the thirling head :  
That through the groves, and lands glides in her  
flight ;

Amid whose side the mortal arrow sticks.

Æneas now about the walls she leads,  
The town prepared, and Carthage wealth to shew,  
Off'ring to speak, amid her voice, she whists.  
And when the day gan fail new feasts she makes ;  
The Troies travails to hear a-new she lists,  
Enraged all ; and stareth in his face  
That tells the tale. And when they were all gone,  
And the dim moon doth eft withhold the light,  
And sliding stars provoked unto sleep ;  
Alone she mourns within her palace void,  
And sets her down on her forsaken bed.  
And, absent, him she bears, when he is gone,  
And seeth eke. Oft in her lap she holds  
Ascanius, trapp'd by his father's form :  
So to beguile the love, cannot be told.

The turrets now arise not, erst begun ;  
Neither the youth wields arms, nor they advance  
The ports, nor other meet defence for war :  
Broken there hang the works and mighty frames

Of walls high raised, threatening the sky.  
Whom as soon as Jove's dear wife saw infect  
With such a plague, ne fame resist the rage ;  
Saturnès' daughter thus burdes Venus then :  
' Great praise,' quod she, ' and worthy spoils you  
win,

You and your son ; great Gods of memory !  
By both your wiles one woman to devour.  
Yet am not I deceived, that foreknew  
Ye dread our walls, and buildings gan suspect  
Of high Carthage. But what shall be the end ?  
Or whereunto now serveth such debate ?  
But rather peace, and bridal bands knit we,  
Sith thou hast sped of that thy heart desired ;  
Dido doth burn with love : rage frets her bones,  
This people now as common to us both,  
With equal favour let us govern then ;  
Lawful be it to serve a Trojan spouse ;  
And Tyrians yield to thy right hand in dower.'

To whom Venus replied thus, that knew  
Her words proceeded from a feigned mind,  
To Libyan coasts to turn th' empire from Rome.  
' What wight so fond such offer to refuse ?  
Or yet with thee had liever<sup>1</sup> strive in war ?  
So be it fortune thy tale bring t' effect :  
But destinies I doubt ; lest Jove nill<sup>2</sup> grant,  
That folk of Tyre, and such as came from Troy,  
Should hold one town ; or grant these nations  
Mingled to be, or joined aye in league.  
Thou art his wife : lawful it is for thee  
For to attempt his fancy by request :  
Pass on before ; and follow thee I shall.'

<sup>1</sup> Rather.

<sup>2</sup> Will not.

Queen Juno then thus took her tale again :  
'This travail be it mine. But by what mean  
(Mark, in few words I shall thee learn eftsoons,)   
This work in hand may now be compassed.  
Æneas now, and wretched Dido eke,  
To the forest a hunting mind to wend  
To-morn, as soon as Titan shall ascend,  
And with his beams hath overspread the world :  
And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about,  
And whiles they range to overset the groves,  
A cloudy shower mingled with hail I shall  
Pour down, and then with thunder shake the skies.  
Th' assembly scattered the mist shall cloke.  
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same  
Shall enter too ; and I will be at hand :  
And if thy will stick unto mine, I shall  
In wedlock sure knit, and make her his own :  
Thus shall the marriage be.' To whose request  
Without debate Venus did seem to yield,  
And smiled soft, as she that found the wile.

Then from the seas the dawning gan arise :  
The sun once up, the chosen youth gan throng  
Out at the gates : the hayes so rarely knit,  
The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel ;  
And of Masile the horsemen forth they brake ;  
Of scenting hounds a kennel huge likewise.  
And at the threshold of her chamber door  
The Carthage lords did on the Queen attend.  
The trampling steed, with gold and purple trapp'd,  
Chawing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood.  
Then issued she, awaited with great train,  
Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroider'd rich.  
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tress

Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke  
Button'd with gold. The 'Troyans of her train  
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.  
Æneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,  
Makes one of them, and joineth close the throngs :  
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,  
His wint'ring place, and Xanthus' floods likewise,  
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,  
Repairing eft and furnishing her choir :  
The Candians, and folks of Driopes,  
With painted Agathysies shout, and cry,  
Environing the altars round about ;  
When that he walks upon mount Cynthus' top :  
His sparkled tress repress'd with garlands soft  
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in gold ;  
His quivering darts clatt'ring behind his back.  
So fresh and lusty did Æneas seem ;  
Such lordly port in present countenance.

But to the hills and wild holts when they came ;  
From the rock's top the driven savage rose.  
Lo from the hill above, on th' other side,  
Through the wide lawns they gan to take their  
course.

The harts likewise in troops taking their flight,  
Raising the dust, the mountain-fast forsake.  
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steed,  
Amid the plain now pricks by them, now these ;  
And to encounter wisheth oft in mind  
The foaming Boar, instead of fearful beasts,  
Or Lion brown, might from the hill descend.

In the mean while the skies gan rumble sore ;  
In tail thereof, a mingled shower with hail.  
The Tyrian folk, and eke the 'Troyans youth.

And Venus' nephew the cottages, for fear,  
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.  
Dido a den, the Trojan prince the same,  
Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,  
And Juno that hath charge of marriage,  
First tokens gave with burning gleads of flame;  
And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies;  
And the Nymphs yelled from the mountains top.

Ay me! this was the first day of their mirth,  
And of their harms the first occasion eke.  
Respect of fame no longer her withholds:  
Nor museth now to frame her love by stealth.  
Wedlock she calls it: under the pretence  
Of which fair name she cloaketh now her fault.

Forthwith Flame flieth through the great Libyan  
towns:

A mischief Fame, there is none else so swift;  
That moving grows, and flitting gathers force.  
First small for dread, soon after climbs the skies;  
Stayeth on earth, and hides her head in clouds.  
Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wrath  
Of Gods, begat; the last Sister (they write)  
To Cæus, and to Enceladus eke:  
Speedy of foot, of wing likewise as swift,  
A monster huge, and dreadful to describe.<sup>1</sup>  
In every plume that on her body sticks  
(A thing indeed much marvelous to hear)  
As many waker eyes lurk underneath,  
So many mouths to speak, and listening ears.  
By night she flies amid the cloudy sky,  
Shrieking, by the dark shadow of the earth,  
Ne doth decline to the sweet sleep her eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Describe.



By day she sits to mark on the house top,  
Or turrets high; and the great towns affrays;  
As mindful of ill and lies, as blasing truth.

This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow  
This rumour then into the common ears:  
As well things done, as that was never wrought:  
As, that there comen is to Tyrian's court  
Æneas, one outsprung of Trojan blood,  
To whom fair Dido would herself be wed:  
And that, the while, the winter long they pass  
In foul delight, forgetting charge of reign;  
Led against honour with unhonest lust.

This in each mouth the filthy Goddess spreads;  
And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight,  
Kindling his mind; with tales she feeds his wrath;  
Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter  
Upon the ravish'd nymph of Garamant.  
A hundred hugy, great temples he built  
In his far stretching realms to Jupiter;  
Altars as many kept with waking flame,  
A watch always upon the Gods to tend;  
'The floors embru'd with yielded blood of beasts,  
And threshold spread with garlands of strange hue.  
He woode<sup>1</sup> of mind, kindled by bitter bruit  
Tofore<sup>2</sup> th' altars, in presence of the Gods,  
With reared hands gan humbly Jove entreat:

'Almighty God! whom the Moores nation  
Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,  
See'st thou these things? or fear we thee in vain,  
When thou lettest fly thy thunder from the clouds?  
Or do those flames with vain noise us affray?  
A woman, that wandering in our coasts hath bought

<sup>1</sup> Mad, furious.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

A plot for price, where she a city set ;  
To whom we gave the strond for to manure,  
And laws to rule her town, our wedlock loathed,  
Hath chose Æneas to command her realm.  
That Paris now, with his unmanly sort,  
With mitred hats, with ointed bush and beard,  
His rape enjoyeth : whiles to thy temples we  
Our offerings bring, and follow rumours vain.'

Whom praying in such sort, and griping eke  
The altars fast, the mighty father heard ;  
And writhed his look toward the royal walls,  
And lovers eke, forgetting their good name.  
To Mercury then gave he thus in charge :  
' Hence, son, in haste ! and call to thee the winds ;  
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince  
That now in Carthage loitereth, rechless  
Of the towns granted him by destiny.  
Swift through the skies seethou these words convey :  
His fair Mother behight him not to us  
Such one to be ; ne therefore twice him saved  
From Greekish arms : but such a one  
As meet might seem great Italy to rule,  
Dreadful in arms, charged with seigniory,  
Shewing in proof his worthy Teuerian race ;  
And under laws the whole world to subdue.  
If glory of such things nought him enflame,  
Ne that he lists seek honour by some pain ;  
The towers yet of Rome, being his sire,  
Doth he envy to young Ascanius ?  
What mindeth he to frame ? or on what hope  
In en'mies land doth he make his abode ?  
Ne his offspring in Italy regards ?  
Ne yet the land of Lavine doth behold ?

Bid him make sail : have here the sum and end ;  
Our message thus report.' When Jove had said,  
Then Mercury 'gan bend him to obey  
His mighty father's will : and to his heels  
His golden wings he knits, which him transport,  
With a light wind above the earth and seas.  
And then with him his wand he took, whereby  
He calls from hell pale ghosts ; and other some  
Thither also he sendeth comfortless :  
Whereby he forceth sleeps, and them bereaves ;  
And mortal eyes he closeth up in death.  
By power whereof he drives the winds away,  
And passeth eke amid the troubled clouds,  
Till in his flight he gan descry the top  
And the steep flanks of rocky Atlas' hill,  
That with his crown sustains the welkin up :  
Whose head forgrown with pine, circled alway  
With misty clouds, is beaten with wind and storm ;  
His shoulders spread with snow ; and from his chin  
The springs descend ; his beard frozen with ice.  
Here Mercury with equal shining wings  
First touched ; and with body headling bet,  
To the water then took he his descent :  
Like to the fowl that endlong coasts and stronds  
Swarming with fish, flies sweeping by the sea ;  
Cutting betwixt the winds and Libyan lands,  
From his grandfather by the mother's side,  
Cyllène's child so came, and then alight  
Upon the houses with his winged feet ;  
Tofore the towers where he Æneas saw  
Foundations cast, arearing lodges new ;  
Girt with a sword of jasper, starry bright ;  
A shining 'parel, flamed with stately eye

Of Tyrian purple, hung his shoulders down,  
The gift and work of wealthy Dido's hand,  
Striped throughout with a thin thread of gold.

Thus he encounters him: 'Oh careless wight!  
Both of thy realm, and of thine own affairs;  
A wife-bound man now dost thou rear the walls  
Of high Carthage, to build a goodly town!  
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods  
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commands  
Both heav'n and earth: in haste he gave me charge  
Through the light air this message thee to say.  
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time  
In idleness dost waste in Afric land?  
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stir,  
Ne list by travail honour to pursue;  
Ascanius yet, that waxeth fast, behold;  
And the hope of Iulus' seed, thine heir;  
To whom the realm of Italy belongs,  
And soil of Rome.' When Mercury had said,  
Amid his tale far off from mortal eyes  
Into light air he vanish'd out of sight.

Æneas with that vision stricken down,  
Well near bestraught,<sup>1</sup> upstart his hair for dread,  
Amid his throatal his voice likewise 'gan stick.  
For to depart by night he longeth now,  
And the sweet land to leave, astoined sore  
With this advise and message of the Gods.  
What may he do, alas! or by what words  
Dare he persuade the raging Queen in love?  
Or in what sort may he his tale begin?  
Now here, now there his reechless mind 'gan run,  
And diversely him draws, discoursing all.

<sup>1</sup> Distracted.

After long doubts this sentence seemed best :  
Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke  
He calls to him, with Sergest ; unto whom  
He gave in charge his navy secretly  
For to prepare, and drive to the sea coast  
His people ; and their armour to address ;  
And for the cause of change to feign excuse :  
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,  
Or did suspect so great a love could break,  
Would wait his time to speak thereof most meet ;  
The nearest way to hasten his intent.  
Gladly his will and biddings they obey.

Full soon the Queen this craftysleight 'gan smell,  
(Who can deceive a lover in forecast ?)  
And first foresaw the motions for to come ;  
Things most assured fearing. Unto whom  
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight  
Was arm'd the fleet, all ready to avale.  
Then ill bested of counsel, rageth she ;  
And whisketh through the town : like Bacchus' nun,  
As Thyas stirs, the sacred rites begun,  
And when the wonted third years sacrifice  
Doth prick her forth, hearing Bacchus' name hal-  
lowed, .

And that the feastful night of Citheron  
Doth call her forth, with noise of dancing.

At length herself bordeth Æneas thus :  
' Unfaithful wight ! to cover such a fault  
Couldest thou hope ? unwist to leave my land ?  
Not thee our love, nor yet right hand betrothed,  
Ne cruel death of Dido may withhold ?  
But that thou wilt in winter ships prepare,  
And try the seas in broil of whirling winds ?

What if the land thou seekest were not strange !  
If not unknown ? or ancient Troy yet stood ?  
In rough seas yet should Troye town be sought ?  
Shunnest thou me ? By these tears, and right hand,  
(For nought else have I, wretched, left myself)  
By our spousals and marriage begun,  
If I of thee deserved ever well,  
Or thing of mine were ever to thee lief ;  
Rue on this realm, whose ruin is at hand.  
If ought be left that prayer may avail,  
I thee beseech to do away this mind.  
The Libyans, and tyrants of Nomadane,  
For thee me hate : my Tyrians eke for thee  
Are wroth ; by thee my shamefastness eke stained,  
And good renown, whereby up to the stars  
Peerless I clamb. To whom wilt thou me leave,  
Ready to die, my sweet guest ? sith this name  
Is all, as now, that of a spouse remains.  
But whereto now should I prolong my death ?  
What ! until my brother Pigmalion  
Beat down my walls ? or the Getulian king  
Hiarbas, yet captive lead me away ?  
Before thy flight a child had I once borne,  
Or seen a young Æneas in my court  
Play up and down, that might present thy face,  
All utterly I could not seem forsaken.'

Thus said the Queen. He to the God's advice,  
Unmoved held his eyes, and in his breast  
Represt his care, and strove against his will :  
And these few words at last then forth he cast.  
' Never shall I deny, Queen, thy desert ;  
Greater than thou in words may well express.  
To think on thee ne irk me aye it shall,

Whiles of myself I shall have memory ;  
And whiles the spirit these limbs of mine shall rule.  
For present purpose somewhat shall I say.  
Never meant I to cloak the same by stealth,  
Slander me not, ne to escape by flight :  
Nor I to thee pretended marriage ;  
Ne hither came to join me in such league.  
If destiny at mine own liberty,  
To lead my life would have permitted me,  
After my will, my sorrow to redoub,<sup>1</sup>  
Troy and the remainder of our folk  
Restore I should : and with these scaped hands,  
The walls again unto these vanquished,  
And palace high of Priam eke repair.  
But now Apollo, called Grineus,  
And prophecies of Lycia me advise  
To seize upon the realm of Italy :  
That is my love, my country, and my land.  
If Carthage turrets thee, Phœnician born,  
And of a Libyan town the sight detain ;  
To us Troyans why doest thou then envy  
In Italy to make our resting seat ?  
Lawful is eke for us strange realms to seek.  
As oft as night doth cloak with shadows dark  
The earth, as oft as flaming stars appear,  
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises  
So oft in sleep doth fray me, and advise :  
The wronged head by me of my dear son,  
Whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown,  
And lands allotted him by destiny.  
The messenger eke of the Gods but late  
Sent down from Jove (I swear by either head)

<sup>1</sup> Redub, to remedy, redress.

Passing the air, did this to me report.  
In bright day-light the God myself I saw  
Enter these walls, and with these ears him heard.  
Leave then with plaint to vex both thee and me:  
Against my will to Italy I go.'

Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,  
With wayward look she 'gan him aye behold,  
And rolling eyes, that moved to and fro;  
With silent look discoursing over all:  
And forth in rage at last thus 'gan she upbraid:

'Faithless! forsworn! ne Goddess was thy dam!  
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race!  
But of hard rocks mount Caucase monstrous  
Bred thee, and teats of tyger gave thee suck.  
But what should I dissemble now my cheer?  
Or me reserve to hope of greater things?  
Minds he our tears? or ever moved his eyen?  
Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our love?  
What shall I set before? or where begin?  
Juno, nor Jove with just eyes this beholds.  
Faith is no where in surety to be found.  
Did I not him, thrown up upon my shore  
In need receive, and fonded eke invest  
Of half my realm? his navy lost, repair?  
From death's danger his fellows eke defend?  
Ay me! with rage and furies, lo! I drive.  
Apollo now, now Lycian prophecies,  
Another while, the messenger of Gods,  
He says, sent down from mighty Jove himself.  
The dreadful charge amid the skies hath brought.  
As though that were the travail of the Gods,  
Or such a care their quietness might move!  
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:



To Italy pass on by help of winds ;  
And through the floods go search thy kingdom new.  
If ruthful Gods have any power, I trust  
Amid the rocks thy guerdon thou shalt find ;  
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Dido's name.  
With burial brandes I, absent, shall thee chase :  
And when cold death from life these limbs divides,  
My ghost each where shall still on thee await.  
Thou shalt aby<sup>1</sup> ; and I shall hear thereof,  
Among the souls below the bruit shall come.'

With such like words she cut off half her tale,  
With pensive heart abandoning the light.  
And from his sight herself gan far remove ;  
Forsaking him, that many things in fear  
Imagined, and did prepare to say.  
Her swouning limbs her damsels 'gan relieve,  
And to her chamber bare of marble stone ;  
And laid her on her bed with tapets<sup>2</sup> spread.

But just Æneas, though he did desire  
With comfort sweet her sorrows to appease,  
And with his words to banish all her care ;  
Wailing her much, with great love overcome :  
The Gods' will yet he worketh, and resorts  
Unto his navy. Where the Troyans fast  
Fell to their work, from the shore to unstock  
High rigged ships : now fletes the tallowed keel ;  
Their oars with leaves yet green from wood they  
bring ;

And masts unshave for haste, to take their flight.  
You might have seen them throng out of the town  
Like ants, when they do spoil the bing of corn,

<sup>1</sup> To expiate, to pay for.

<sup>2</sup> Cloth of any kind, as tapestry.

For winter's dread, which they bear to their den :  
When the black swarm creeps over all the fields,  
And thwart the grass by strait paths drags their prey :  
The great grains then some on their shoulders truss,  
Some drive the troop, some chastise eke the slow :  
That with their travail chafed is each path.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido have ?  
What sighs gave she ? when from her towers high  
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyan's  
works,

And in her sight the seas with din confounded ?  
O, witless Love ! what thing is that to do  
A mortal mind thou canst not force thereto ?  
Forced she is to tears ay to return,  
With new requests to yield her heart to love :  
And lest she should before her causeless death  
Leave any thing untried : ' O sister Anne !'  
Quoth she, ' behold the whole coast round about,  
How they prepare, assembled every where ;  
The streaming sails abiding but for wind :  
The shipmen crown their ships with boughs for joy.  
O sister ! if so great a sorrow I  
Mistrusted had, it were more light to bear.  
Yet natheless this for me wretched wight,  
Anne, shalt thou do : for faithless, thee alone  
He revered, thee eke his secrets told ;  
The meetest time thou knowest to borde the man :  
To my proud foe thus, sister, humbly say ;  
I with the Greeks within the port Aulide  
Conjured not, the Troyans to destroy ;  
Nor to the walls of Troy yet sent my fleet :  
Nor cinders of his father Anchises  
Disturbed have, out of his sepulture.

Why lets he not my words sink in his ears  
So hard to overtreat? Whither whirls he?  
This last boon yet grant he to wretched love.  
Prosperous winds for to depart with ease  
Let him abide; the foresaid marriage now,  
That he betray'd, I do not him require;  
Nor that he should fair Italy forgo:  
Neither I would he should his kingdom leave.  
Quiet I ask, and a time of delay,  
And respite eke my fury to assuage,  
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortless,  
How for to wail my grief. This latter grace,  
Sister, I crave: have thou remorse of me;  
Which, if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heaps I shall  
Leave by my death redoubled unto thee.'

Moisted with tears thus wretched 'gan she plain:  
Which Anne reports, and answer brings again.  
Nought tears him move, ne yet to any words  
He can be framed with gentle mind to yield.  
The Werdes<sup>1</sup> withstand, a God stops his meek ears.  
Like to the aged boisteous bodied oak,  
The which among the Alps the Northern winds  
Blowing now from this quarter, now from that,  
Betwixt them strive to overwhelm with blasts:  
The whistling air among the branches roars,  
Which all at once bow to the earth her crops,  
The stock once smit: whiles in the rocks the tree  
Sticks fast; and look, how high to the heav'n her top  
Rears up, so deep her root spreads down to hell.  
So was this Lord now here now there beset  
With words; in whose stout breast wrought many  
cares.

<sup>1</sup> The Fates.

But still his mind in one remains ; in vain  
The tears were shed. Then Dido, fray'd of Fates,  
Wisheth for death, irked<sup>1</sup> to see the skies.  
And that she might the rather work her will,  
And leave the light, (a grisly thing to tell)  
Upon the altars burning full of 'cense  
When she set gifts of sacrifice, she saw  
The holy water stocks wax black within ;  
The wine eke shed, change into filthy gore :  
This she to none, not to her sister told.  
A marble temple in her palace eke,  
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,  
In great honour and worship, which she held,  
With snow white clothes deck'd, and with boughs  
of feast :

Whereout was heard her husband's voice, and speech  
Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth :  
And oft the owl with rueful song complain'd  
From the housetop, drawing long doleful tunes.  
And many things forespoke by prophets past  
With dreadful warning 'gan her now affray :  
And stern Æneas seemed in her sleep  
To chase her still about, distraught in rage :  
And still her thought, that she was left alone  
Uncompanied, great voyages to wend,  
In desert land, her Tyrian folk to seek.  
Like Pentheus, that in his madness saw  
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell ;  
Two suns remove, and Thebès town shew twain.  
Or like Orestes Agamemnon's son,  
In tragedies who represented aye  
Is driven about, that from his mother fled

<sup>1</sup> Wearied.

Armed with brands, and eke with serpent's black ;  
That sitting found within the temple's porch  
The ugly furies his slaughter to revenge.

Yelden to woe, when phrensy had her caught,  
Within herself then 'gan she well debate,  
Full bent to die, the time and eke the mean ;  
And to her woful sister thus she said,  
In outward cheer dissembling her intent,  
Presenting hope under a semblant glad :

‘ Sister, rejoice ! for I have found the way  
Him to return, or loose me from his love.  
Toward the end of the great ocean flood,  
Whereas the wandering sun descendeth hence,  
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place  
Where huge Atlas doth on his shoulders turn  
The sphere so round with flaming stars beset.  
Born of Massyle, I hear should be a Nun ;  
That of the Hesperian sisters' temple old,  
And of their goodly garden keeper was ;  
That gives unto the Dragon eke his food,  
That on the tree preserves the holy fruit ;  
That honey moist, and sleeping poppy casts.  
This woman doth avaunt, by force of charm,  
What heart she list to set at liberty ;  
And other some to pierce with heavy cares :  
In running flood to stop the waters' course ;  
And eke the stars their movings to reverse ;  
T' assemble eke the ghosts that walk by night :  
Under thy feet the earth thou shalt behold  
Tremble and roar ; the oaks come from the hill.  
The Gods and thee, dear sister, now I call  
In witness, and thy head to me so sweet,  
To magic arts against my will I bend.

Right secretly within our inner court,  
In open air rear up a stack of wood ;  
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,  
The which he left within my chamber, stick :  
His weeds dispoiled all, and bridal bed,  
Wherein, alas ! Sister, I found my bane,  
Charge thereupon ; for so the Nun commands,  
To do away what did to him belong,  
Of that false wight that might remembrance bring.'

Then whisted she ; the pale her face 'gan stain.  
Ne could yet Anne believe, her sister meant  
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice ;  
Nor in her breast such fury did conceive :  
Neither doth she now dread more grievous thing  
Than followed Sichëes death ; wherefore  
She put her will in ure. But then the Queen,  
When that the stack of wood was reared up  
Under the air within the inward court  
With cloven oak, and billets made of fir,  
With garlands she doth all beset the place,  
And with green boughs eke crown the funeral,  
And thereupon his weeds and sword yleft,  
And on a bed his picture she bestows,  
As she that well foreknew what was to come.  
The altars stand about, and eke the Nun  
With sparkled tress ; the which three hundred Gods  
With a loud voice doth thunder out at once,  
Erebus the grisly, and Chaos huge,  
And eke the threefold Goddess Hecate,  
And three faces of Diana the virgin :  
And sprinkles eke the water counterfeit  
Like unto black Avernus' lake in hell :  
And springing herbs reap'd up with brazen scythes

Were sought, after the right course of the Moon;  
The venom black intermingled with milk;  
The lump of flesh 'tween the new-born foals eyen  
To reave, that winneth from the dam her love.  
She, with the mole all in her hands devout,  
Stood near the altar, bare of the one foot,  
With vesture loose, the bands unlaced all;  
Bent for to die, calls the Gods to record,  
And guilty stars eke of her destiny:  
And if there were any God that had care  
Of lovers' hearts not moved with love alike,  
Him she requires of justice to remember.

It was then night; the sound and quiet sleep  
Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught;  
The woods, the raging seas were fallen to rest;  
When that the stars had half their course declined;  
The fields whist,<sup>1</sup> beasts, and fowls of divers hue,  
And what so that in the broad lakes remained,  
Or yet among the bushy thicks of brier,  
Laid down to sleep by silence of the night  
'Gan swage their cares, mindless of travails past.  
Not so the spirit of this Phenician;  
Unhappy she that on no sleep could chance,  
Nor yet night's rest enter in eye or breast:  
Her cares redouble; love doth rise and rage again,  
And overflows with swelling storms of wrath.  
Thus thinks she then, this rolls she in her mind:

‘What shall I do? shall I now bear the scorn,  
For to assay mine old wooers again?  
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,  
Whose marriage I have so oft disdained?  
The Trojan navy, and Teuerian vile commands

<sup>1</sup> Hushed, silent.



Follow shall I ? as though it should avail,  
That whilom by my help they were relieved ;  
Or for because with kind and mindful folk  
Right well doth sit the passed thankful deed ?  
Who would me suffer (admit this were my will) ?  
Or me scorned to their proud ships receive ?  
Oh, woe-begone ! full little knowest thou yet  
The broken oaths of Laomedon's kind.  
What then ? alone on merry mariners  
Shall I wait ? or board them with my power  
Of Tyrians assembled me about ?  
And such as I with travail brought from Tyre  
Drive to the seas, and force them sail again ?  
But rather die, even has thou hast deserved ;  
And to this woe with iron give thou end.  
And thou, sister, first vanquish'd with my tears,  
Thou in my rage with all these mischiefs first  
Didst burden me, and yield me to my foe.  
Was it not granted me from spousals free,  
Like to wild beasts, to live without offence,  
Without taste of such cares ? is there no faith  
Reserved to the cinders of Sychee ?'

Such great complaints brake forth out of her  
breast :

Whiles Æneas full minded to depart,  
All things prepared, slept in the poop on high.  
To whom in sleep the wonted Godhead's form  
'Gan aye appear, returning in like shape  
As seemed him ; and 'gan him thus advise :  
Like unto Mercury in voice and hue,  
With yellow bush, and comely limbs of youth.  
' O Goddess son, in such case canst thou sleep ?  
Ne yet, bestraught, the dangers dost foresee,



That compass thee? nor hear'st the fair winds  
blow?

Dido in mind rolls vengeance and deceit;  
Determ'd to die, swells with unstable ire.

Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?  
Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with sails,  
The blazing brands the shore all spread with flame,  
And if the morrow steal upon thee here.

Come off, have done, set all delay aside;  
For full of change these women be alway.'  
This said, in the dark night he 'gan him hide.

Æneas, of this sudden vision

Adread, starts up out of his sleep in haste;  
Calls up his feres: 'Awake, get up, my men,  
Aboard your ships, and hoise up sail with speed;  
A God me wills, sent from above again,  
To haste my flight, and wreathen cables cut.  
O holy God, what so thou art, we shall  
Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;  
Be at our hand, and friendly us assist;  
Address the stars with prosperous influence.'  
And with that word his glistering sword unsheaths;  
With which drawn he the cables cut in twain.  
The like desire the rest embraced all.  
All thing in haste they cast, and forth they whirl;  
The shores they leave; with ships the seas are  
spread;

Cutting the foam by the blue seas they sweep.

Aurora now from Titan's purple bed  
With new daylight had overspread the earth;  
When by her windows the Queen the peeping day  
Espied, and navy with 'splay'd sails depart  
The shore, and eke the port of vessels void.

Her comely breast thrice or four times she smote  
With her own hand, and tore her golden tress.  
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'shall he then thus depart,  
A stranger thus, and scorn our kingdom so?  
Shall not my men do on their armour prest,  
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?  
Out of the road soon shall the vessel warp.  
Haste on, cast flame, set sail, and wield your oars.  
What said I? but where am I? what phrensy  
Alters thy mind? Unhappy Dido, now  
Hath thee beset a froward destiny.  
Then it behoved, when thou didst give to him  
His sceptre. Lo! his faith and his right hand!  
That leads with him, they say, his country Gods,  
That on his back his aged father bore!  
His body might I not have caught and rent?  
And in the seas drenched him and his feres?  
And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,  
And set him on his father's board for meat?  
Of such debate perchance the fortune might  
Have been doubtful: would God it were assay'd!  
Whom should I fear, sith I myself must die?  
Might I have throwen into that navy brands,  
And filled eke their decks with flaming fire,  
The father, son, and all their nation  
Destroy'd, and fallen myself dead over all!  
Sun with thy beams, that mortal works descriest;  
And thou, Juno, that well these travails know'st;  
Proserpine, thou, upon whom folk do use  
To howl, and call in forked ways by night;  
Infernal Furies eke, ye wreakers of wrong;  
And Dido's Gods, who stands at point of death,  
Receive these words, and eke your heavy power

Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserve :  
And our request accept we you beseech :  
If so that yonder wicked head must needs  
Recover port, and sail to land of force ;  
And if Jove's will have so resolved it,  
And such end set as no wight can foredo ;  
Yet at the least assailed might he be  
With arms and wars of hardy nations ;  
From the bounds of his kingdom far exiled ;  
Iulus eke ravish'd out of his arms ;  
Driven to call for help, that he may see  
The guiltless corpses of his folk lie dead :  
And after hard conditions of peace,  
His realm, nor life desired may he brook ;  
But fall before his time, ungraved amid the sands.  
This I require ; these words with blood I shed.  
And, Tyrians, ye his stock and all his race  
Pursue with hate ; reward our cinders so.  
No love nor league betwixt our peoples be ;  
And of our bones some wrecker may there spring,  
With sword and flame that Troyans may pursue :  
And from henceforth, when that our power may  
stretch,

Our coasts to them contrary be for aye,  
I crave of God ; and our streams to their floods ;  
Arms unto arms ; and offspring of each race  
With mortal war each other may fordo.'

This said, her mind she writhed on all sides,  
Seeking with speed to end her irksome life.  
To Sicchees' nurse, Barcen, then thus she said,  
(For hers at home in ashes did remain) :  
' Call unto me, dear nurse, my sister Anne :  
Bid her in haste in water of the flood

She sprinkle the body, and bring the beasts,  
And purging sacrifice I did her shew ;  
So let her come : and thou thy temples bind  
With sacred garlands : for the sacrifice  
That I to Pluto have begun, my mind  
Is to perform, and give end to these cares ;  
And Trojan statue throw into the flame.'

When she had said, redouble 'gan her nurse  
Her steps, forth on an aged woman's trot.

But trembling Dido eagerly now bent  
Upon her stern determination ;  
Her bloodshot eyes rolling within her head ;  
Her quivering cheeks flecked with deadly stain,  
Both pale and wan to think on death to come ;  
Into the inward wards of her palace  
She rusheth in, and clamb up, as distraught,  
The burial stack, and drew the Trojan sword,  
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such use.  
Where when she saw his weed, and wellknown bed,  
Weeping awhile in study 'gan she stay,  
Fell on the bed, and these last words she said :

' Sweet spoils, whiles God and destinies it would,  
Receive this sprite, and rid me of these cares :  
I lived and ran the course fortune did grant ;  
And under earth my great ghost now shall wend :  
A goodly town I built, and saw my walls ;  
Happy, alas, too happy, if these coasts  
The Trojan ships had never touched aye.'

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.  
' Why then,' quoth she, ' unwroken shall we die?  
But let us die : for this ! and in this sort  
It liketh us to seek the shadows dark !  
And from the seas the cruel Trojan's eyes

Shall well discern this flame ; and take with him  
Eke these unlucky tokens of my death !'

As she had said, her damsels might perceive  
Her with these words fall pierced on a sword ;  
The blade embrued, and hands besprent with gore.  
The clamour rang unto the palace top ;  
The bruit ran throughout all th' astonied town :  
With wailing great, and women's shrill yelling  
The roofs 'gan roar ; the air resound with plaint :  
As though Carthage, or th' ancient town of Tyre  
With press of enter'd enemies swarmed full :  
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take  
The temples' tops, and mansions eke of men.

Her sister Anne, spriteless for dread to hear  
This fearful stir, with nails 'gan tear her face ;  
She smote her breast, and rushed through the rout :  
And her dying she clepes<sup>1</sup> thus by her name :

' Sister, for this with craft did you me bourd ?<sup>2</sup>  
The stack, the flame, the altars, bred they this ?  
What shall I first complain, forsaken wight ?  
Loathest thou in death thy sister's fellowship ?  
Thou shouldst have call'd me to like destiny ;  
One woe, one sword, one hour, might end us both.  
This funeral stack built I with these hands,  
And with this voice cleped our native Gods ?  
And, cruel, so absentest me from thy death ?  
Destroy'd thou hast, sister, both thee and me,  
Thy people eke, and princes born of Tyre.  
Give here ; I shall with water wash her wounds ;  
And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.'

This said, unto the high degrees she mounted,  
Embracing fast her sister now half dead,

<sup>1</sup> Calls.

<sup>2</sup> Deceive.

With wailful plaint: whom in her lap she laid,  
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.  
But Dido striveth to lift up again  
Her heavy eyen, and hath no power thereto:  
Deep in her breast that fixed wound doth gape.  
Thrice leaning on her elbow gan she raise  
Herself upward; and thrice she overthrew  
Upon the bed: ranging with wand'ring eyes  
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Juno having ruth by this  
Of her long pains, and eke her lingering death,  
From heaven she sent the Goddess Iris down,  
The throwing sprite, and jointed limbs to loose.  
For that neither by lot of destiny,  
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,  
But wretchedly before her fatal day,  
And kindled with a sudden rage of flame,  
Proserpine had not from her head bereft  
The golden hair, nor judged her to hell.  
The dewy Iris thus with golden wings,  
A thousand hues shewing against the Sun,  
Amid the skies then did she fly adown  
On Dido's head: where as she 'gan alight,  
'This hair,' quod she, 'to Pluto consecrate,  
Commanded I reave; and thy spirit unloose  
From this body.' And when she thus had sai  
With her right hand she cut the hair in twain:  
And therewithal the kindly heat 'gan quench,  
And into wind the life forthwith resolve.



The two following poems are given from a very curious MS. of the time of Henry the VIIIth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The greater part of the poems in that MS. have the names, or the initials of their respective authors subscribed. The signatures originally affixed to those here printed have been much effaced. What remains of them, however, is sufficient to lead to some conjecture. The first is subscribed "Finis q<sup>d</sup>. W t;" the second, "Finis q<sup>d</sup>. S e." Respecting the first of these names I apprehend no doubt can be entertained, especially as a large number of the poems in the volume bear Wyatt's signature. That the latter name was designed for Surrey's, I think extremely probable; for his name was then generally spelt "Surreye:" and the letter preceding the final "e," though erased in part, seems to have been "y." I believe that many compositions have been ascribed to authors on presumptive evidence less strong than the present. It should be observed, that Surrey and Wyatt were in the habit of frequently communicating their verses to each other. See the poems in this volume, which begin; "As oft as I behold and see;" p. 37: and "Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought;" p. 12.—*Dr. Nott.*

### PRIMUS.

**M**Y fearful hope from me is fled,  
Which of long time hath been my guide.  
Now faithful trust is in his stead,  
And bids me set all fear aside.

O' truth it is, I not deny,

All lovers may not live in ease.  
Yet some by hap doth hit truly ;  
So like may I, if that she please.

Why ! so it is a gift, ye wot,  
By nature one to love another.  
And since that love doth fall by lot ;  
Then why not I, as well as other.

It may so be the cause is why,  
She knoweth no part to my poor mind :  
But yet as one assuredly  
I speak nothing but as I find.

If Nature will, it shall so be :  
No reason ruleth Fantasy.  
Yet in this case, as seemeth me,  
I take all thing indifferently.

Yet uncertain I will rejoice,  
And think to have, though yet thou hast.  
I put my chance unto her choice  
With patience, for power is past.

No ! no ! I know the like is fair  
Without disdain or cruelty :  
And so to end, from all despair ;  
Until I find the contrary.



## SECUNDUS.

**Y**OUR fearful hope cannot prevail ;  
Nor yet faithful trust also.  
Some thinks to hit, oftentimes do fail ;  
Whereby they change their wealth to  
woe.

What though ! in that yet put no trust :  
But always after as ye see.  
For say your will, and do your lust ;  
There is no place for you to be.

No such within ; ye are far out.  
Your labour lost ye hope to save.  
But once I put ye out of doubt ;  
The thing is had that ye would have.

Though to remain without remorse,  
And pitiless to be opprest ;  
Yet is the course of Love, by force  
To take all things unto the best.

Well ! yet beware, if thou be wise :  
And leave thy hope thy heat to cool :  
For fear lest she thy love despise,  
Reputing thee but as a fool.

Since this to follow of force thou must,  
And by no reason can refrain ;  
Thy chance shall change thy least mistrust ;  
As thou shalt prove unto thy pain.

When with such pain thou shalt be paid,  
The which shall pass all remedy ;  
Then think on this that I have said ;  
And blame thy foolish Fantasy.

FINIS.





Heywood (Thomas)—*Continued.*

leaves and the last 10 leaves, Sig. T 7 to V 8, consisting of “Annotations,” etc., are unnumbered.

This is a very fine copy. John Payne Collier’s copy, with his autograph signature on title-page.

38. **HEYWOOD (Thomas).** The | Silver Age,  
| Including. | The loue of Iupiter to Alcmena: |  
The birth of Hercules. | And | The Rape of Pros-  
perine. | Concluding, | With the Arraignement of  
the Moone. | . . . . London, | *Printed by Nicholas*  
*Okes, and are to be sold by | Benjamin Lightfoote*  
*at his Shop at the vpper | end of Graies Inne-lane*  
*in Holborne.* | 1613.

Small 4to, brown levant morocco, gilt edges, by  
*F. Bedford.* \$60.00.

\* First edition. This is second of Heywood’s series of books on the Ages. In the Address “To the Reader,” he says:

“Let not the Title of this booke I entreate bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with Gold, follow with Siluer, proceede with Brasse, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with Iron. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as those Mettals decrease in valew, so *è contrario*, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation,” etc.

The lower and inner margin of title and last five leaves of this copy have been extended, and the lower right-hand corners of four other leaves have been mended.

39. **HOWARD (Henry, Earl of Surrey).** Songes and Sonets | written by the right honourable  
| Lorde Henry Haward late | Earle of Surrey, and  
| others. | *Apud Richardum Tottell* | 1574. | Cum  
priuilegio. |

Howard (Henry, Earl of Surrey)—*Continued.*

[Colophon:] *Imprinted at London in | Flete-  
strete within Tem- | ple Barre at the signe of | the  
Hand and Starre | by Richarde | Tottell. | Anno,  
1574.*

Small 8vo, red straight-grained morocco, tooled back and corners, gilt edges, *by F. Bedford.*  
\$1200.00.

\* "Tottell's Miscellany," published, as the editor says in "To the Reader," "To the honour of the English tongue and for the profit of the studious of English eloquence."

One of the most famous volumes of English verse; the first collection of lyrical poems in our language, the "Golden Treasury," as it has been called, which was studied by all Elizabethan authors, including Shakespeare, who in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" makes Slender say, "I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of *Songs and Sonnets* here."

The collection consists of 280 poems, 40 of which were contributed by Henry Howard, 96 by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and 10 by Nicholas Grimald. Of the 134 pieces by "Vncertaine Auctours" two have been identified as those of Thomas, Lord Vaux, one by John Heywood, and one by Edward Somerset. The authors of the remaining poems are unidentified, though it is pretty certain that Thomas Churchyard was the author of some, perhaps many of them. In his "Challenge," first edition, 1593, in his list of "The booke that I can call to memorie alreadie Printed," he gives:

"And many things in the booke of songs and Sonets, printed then [*i.e.* 'in Queen Maries raigne'], were of my making."

The book attracted immediate attention and passed quickly through several editions, this being the sixth edition, and the last one printed by Richard Tottell. The earlier issues are as follows:

First edition. Dated at end June 5, 1557. Of this edition the copy now in the Bodleian Library is apparently the only one in existence.

Second edition. Dated at end, July 31, 1557. The Grolier Club volume says: "Only two copies of this edition are known, one in the

Howard (Henry, Earl of Surrey)—*Continued.*

British Museum and the other in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but as these differ in some respects from each other, it is possible that one at least is a later edition with the title-page of the second edition." Lowndes, however, mentions a third (Tite's) which was in the Rowfant library and is now in a private collection in New York.

Third edition. 1559. The imperfect copy in the British Museum seems still to be the only copy known.

Fourth edition. 1565. Lowndes cites a copy in the Bodleian.

Fifth edition. 1567. Lowndes locates a copy in Lord Spencer's collection and now, we presume, in the Rylands library, Manchester. The Gaisford copy was Lefferts' and brought \$1100.00 in April, 1902.

Sixth edition. 1574. The present. There are copies in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. This seems to have been formerly the Towneley copy. A few blank margins are repaired, but a fine copy.

See reproduction of title-page.

40. HOWARD (Henry, Earl of Surrey).

Songes | and Son- | nets, written | by the Right hon-  
ourable | Lord Henry Haward | late Earle of Sur-  
rey, and | others, | *Imprinted at London by Iohn*  
*VVin- | det.* 1585. |

Small 8vo, full brown crushed levant morocco  
extra, gilt back, gilt edges, *by F. Bedford.*  
\$1100.00.

\* The Seventh Edition. The lower right-hand corner of title has been mended, three letters of the imprint being in facsimile, and a few leaves are from a smaller copy. Lowndes locates copies in the British Museum and in Trinity College, Cambridge. The Gregory Lewis Way copy, with one or two headlines cut into, which sold in July, 1881, for £69, resold in the Adees Sale, Nov., 1895, for \$1680.

The following note, in Locker's autograph, is on a fly-leaf:

"Surrey was a warrior as well as a Poet and Courtier & distinguished himself at the siege of Landvery and commanded afterwards at Guisnes and at Boulogne and received the Order of the Garter. He was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Howard (Henry, Earl of Surrey)—*Continued.*

"Wyatt distinguished himself by the ability with which he discharged the duties of ambassador at Madrid. He at one time commanded a ship of war."

41. KEATS (John). Lamia, | Isabella, | The  
Eve of St. Agnes, | and | Other Poems. | By John  
Keats, | Author of Endymion. | London: | *Printed  
for Taylor and Hessey, | Fleet-street.* | 1820.

12mo, original boards, with paper label, uncut,  
in blue morocco case. \$400.00.

\* First edition, with the rare half-title, "Lamia, Isabella, &c.," and the four leaves of advertisements at end. Inserted at the end on a slip are eight lines from "Otho, the Great," in Keats' autograph, as follows:

"The Duke is out of temper; if he knows  
More than a Brother of a Sister ought.  
I should not quarrel with his Peevishness  
Auranthe, heaven preserve her always fair,  
Is in the heady, proud ambitious vein  
I bicker not with her, bid her farewell  
She has ta'en flight from me, then let her soar  
He is a fool who stands at pining gaze."

There are two manuscript notes, by Mr. Locker, one regarding the above manuscript, and the other about a copy which he had previously owned and "gave in exchange for this & the companion copy," etc.

42. KEATS (John). Poems, | By | John Keats. |  
..... London: | *Printed for* | C. & J. Ollier, 3,  
*Welbeck Street, | Cavendish Square.* | 1817.

12mo, original boards, uncut, in blue morocco  
case. \$500.00.

\* First edition. With an autograph fragment of the "Pot of Basil" in Keats' handwriting, inserted:



New York  
Cotton  
Sp

